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## The Messenger, Vol. 33, No. 8

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"The Messenger"  
Jubilee Number  
1907

# The Messenger



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To the Alumni and Former Professors  
of Richmond College,  
The Editors of the Messenger dedicate  
this Jubilee Number  
In honor of our Alma Mater, with whose Past  
it is chiefly concerned.

# The Messenger

## RICHMOND COLLEGE

ARCHIVES  
78.2  
v. 33  
pt. 2

PUBLISHED BY THE

❧ *Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian Literary Societies* ❧

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PANORAMA VIEW OF RICHMOND COLLEGE CAMPUS.





# *The Messenger*

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VOL. XXXIII.

JUNE, 1907.

No. 8.

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## Old Richmond.

BY L. W. L. JENNINGS.

Fair Richmond of the olden days!  
Old Richmond! rising sweetly fair—  
The vision-touched, the glory-crowned,  
With all we held as precious there!

How often in these later times  
The kindling memories of thee  
Stir deeps within my being, which  
Are ever more than dear to me.

And clearly from the vanished years  
The things that were, but are not, call;  
And all I am is one again  
With campus and the lecture hall.

The comradeship of noble men,  
With lofty purpose tautly strung;  
The faith that lit dim tracts of time,  
'Thwart which man's mighty shadow flung.

Or wrapped in lighter moods the while,  
Glad hearts to pleasure answered strong  
In dance or sport, and half of life  
Was compassed in a burst of song.



But ever greater was the mind,  
And ever brighter flashed the goal,  
Where Mitchell's burning words inspired  
The love of service in the soul.

Such things we dreamed, that from our deeds  
A splendor stole to touch the world,  
And Error fled the light that freed  
Our human of the grief she hurled.

For youth was sure, and eager hearts  
That walked with visions myriad-kind,  
Preached daily of a future science  
And stressed the ultimate in mind.

And all the years to be revealed  
The higher ever winning place,  
Till in the last the nations wrought  
The ideal of a perfect race.

So moved we in those halcyon years,  
Fast comrades, 'ere life's courses bent;  
Oh! ever more than dear are these  
Deep memories of the days we spent,

When genial friendships, hand in hand  
With wide philosophies and mirth  
That filled the kindly passing hours,  
Went singing through a happy earth.

Fair Richmond of the olden days!  
Old Richmond, of increasing fame!  
A sailor son holds more than dear  
The things that cluster round thy name.

#### L'ENVOI.

And this I deem as ever best,  
Thy richest waxing richer still;  
The finer chords thy fingers swept  
Are ever sounding, stirring will.



If sterner years have showed me some  
Of error in a college dream,  
Not lesser grows the faith I learned,  
Nor dimmer do the goal lights gleam.

For all the impulse that thou gavest,  
Forever through me deepening runs,  
A wanderer in the search of truth,  
From arctic seas to tropic suns.

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### **A Day Dream.**

BY R. N. DANIEL.

In my study I was sitting,  
Thinking of the days of yore,  
Pondering o'er the hours of childhood  
Days, now gone forevermore.

Sitting thus, my thoughts, so pensive,  
Turned to views of future years;  
Pictures came and went in fancy,  
Not the kind to call up tears.

Dreams of future love and honors,  
Visions then of conquests grand,  
Views of glorious deeds of valor,  
Of the kind brave hearts demand.

Then my dream was changed in nature,  
On domestic scenes it ran,  
And within my mental vision  
Home and love their reign began.

Still another turn took fancy,  
Thoughts of good came to my mind,  
Deeds of kindness, love and mercy  
I should leave to bless mankind.



## Historical Sketch of Richmond College.

BY SAMUEL GLADSTONE HARWOOD.

**R**ICHMOND COLLEGE has come to occupy so large a place in the life of Richmond and of Virginia, and is so widely known throughout the other sections of our country, that some account of its rise and growth will be of general interest. Surely no more fitting time than this jubilee year could be found for such a review of its history. Therefore the present sketch.

### ORIGIN.

On the 8th of June, 1830, a few earnest men, who had come to Richmond to attend the General Association, met in the Second Baptist Church at five o'clock in the morning to devise and propose some plan for the improvement of young men who, in the judgment of the churches, are called to the work of the ministry. They organized the "Virginia Baptist Education Society." This society aided approved young men by placing them in private schools—nine with Elder Edward Baptist, in Powhatan county, and four with Elder Eli Ball, in Henrico.

In 1832 the society bought Spring Farm, four miles northwest of the city. On the Fourth of July was opened a manual labor school, called the "Virginia Baptist Seminary," with Rev. Robert Ryland as teacher, and fourteen students. The second session saw twenty-six students enrolled. Of these, about two-thirds were preparing for the ministry. The course began with arithmetic, geography and grammar, and, running through four years, embraced algebra and geometry, Latin and Greek, natural and moral science, and theology as an optional study. Eli Ball assisted Rev. Dr. Ryland.

In December, 1833, the Seminary was moved to the site now occupied by the College. This is now well within the city limits, but then was half a mile beyond the corporation lines. The walk in to Richmond at night was not without danger. "Screamersville," with its barrooms, dogs and highwaymen, had to be passed. The corner of Foushee and Grace was then a large pond—a favorite





RICHMOND COLLEGE, MONUMENTAL AVENUE VIEW.





skating place in winter. The Richmond Gas Company declined to extend its pipes so far into the country.

The regime of those days at the College was one of plain living. Equipment and furniture were as simple as possible. The students were poor, the price of board was low, the fare plain. At meals conversation was turned into useful channels. Sometimes hard words were spelled around until mastered by all present.

The sportiveness of the boys led to many amusing incidents. There was a so-called "Secret Club," into which freshmen were initiated every Saturday night. After a solemn and awe-inspiring initiation, the victim was asked to occupy the chair of honor. When he sat down with satisfaction upon what he supposed to be a luxurious chair, he found himself in a tub of cold water.

Once when the Prince of Wales was in town a student, as a joke, announced that the Prince would visit the College at a certain hour that day. Great was the stir this announcement made. But, after much "cleaning up," the boys found that the Prince was not coming.

Mr. Ryland used to speak of a colored boy—"Tom, the cup-bearer—who, with more speed than grace, flew up and down the table, trying to serve fifty men at once. Tom enjoyed keenly the honors of the position, and regarded himself as one of the early graduates. Picking up little snatches of Latin, he would say with gravity, 'Mr. Culpeper Brown, will you take your coffee *cum lacte* or *sine lacte*?'"

In 1836 six more acres were added to the nine already bought, making a location which was well described "as combining healthfulness, beauty and convenience." The reason for purchasing more land was that the manual labor feature might be given larger scope. But somehow this side of the College life was never popular with the students. Finally, we read in the report for 1841 that this feature had been virtually abandoned. The records fail to say why the students disliked this department of manual labor; but if we are to judge human nature then by what it is to-day, the reason lies not so very deep.

Unfortunately, we have but scant record of the Seminary during the ten years it bore this name. The attendance increased grad-



ually to more than seventy pupils. The faculty consisted of Dr. Ryland and two instructors. One year of this period Dr. Ryland was away on leave of absence to hold the office of chaplain of the University of Virginia. There were some assistant teachers, among whom were William F. Nelson, F. W. Berryman, Elias Dodson and Charles L. Cocke. Of these Nelson and Cocke served for a number of years. The first class to finish the course went out in 1836, four in number—William I. Chiles, Elias Dodson, A. P. Repiton and John O. Turpin. Three others who would have finished their course that year had left school to go as foreign missionaries—William Mylne to Africa, R. D. Davenport to Siam, and G. L. Shuck to China.

#### NAME CHANGED TO "RICHMOND COLLEGE."

By act of Assembly, passed March 4, 1840, thirty-seven gentlemen, therein named, were incorporated as trustees, to establish "at or near the city of Richmond a Seminary of learning for the instruction of youth in the various branches of science and literature, the useful arts, and the learned and foreign languages, which shall be called and known by the name of Richmond College." The charter gave large general powers, but provided "that nothing herein contained shall be so construed as to authorize the establishment of a theological professorship in the said College." This clause was inserted to insure the passage of the bill, inasmuch as otherwise prejudice might have blocked it. In the charter of 1858 this proviso was omitted, but, nevertheless, it has been thought best not to introduce a theological department. The trustees spent two years in planning and raising funds. The work fell mainly to Dr. Ryland, their president. His candor and supreme scorn for shams made him unwilling to call the school a College until it could do real collegiate work.

In 1841 the terms of transfer were agreed upon, and the Education Society and the College trustees worked along together for about two years. Then, on January 1, 1843, a further change was made, whereby grounds and buildings worth \$20,000, a library of seven hundred volumes, three teachers at salaries of \$900, \$600 and \$500, and sixty-eight students, twenty-one of them bene-



ficiaries, were turned over from the care of a voluntary denominational society to the control of the legally incorporated trustees of Richmond College. The Education Society continued to aid young men, recommended by the churches in co-operation with it, in preparing for the ministry, by making arrangements for their board, leaving the matters of tuition and other expenses to the management of the College.

#### SECOND DECADE.

In the catalogue of 1842 we find a statement of the policy followed by the trustees:

"As the trustees are determined to avoid pecuniary embarrassment, they propose to conduct the College classes only so far as their resources may justify, taking care to have the students thoroughly taught so far as they go. It is not their purpose to confer degrees till they shall have afforded facilities for education equal to those of other chartered institutions. . . . It is far better to proceed cautiously—to live within our means—and to rise gradually, but surely, than by affecting a premature prosperity, to plunge the enterprise into the vortex of ruin."

Thus we find that the College made steady progress during this decade. It passed from infancy to youth. In this period it advanced until it had three full professors as well as the president. George F. Holmes, and later H. J. Christian, taught ancient languages. Charles L. Cocke occupied the Chair of Mathematics until 1846, and upon his resignation he was succeeded by F. B. Robertson, then, three years later, came John Lawson, and again in 1850 Lewis Turner. Among those in the academic department were John M. Murray, two years; S. E. Brownell, one year; N. H. Massie, two years; P. L. Snead, one year, and B. Puryear, one year. For instruction in French, provision had been made year by year with Messieurs Ansman, Guillet, Odenhall and Michard, and in 1849 by the election of Professor Arthur Frise, who, however, held the chair for only one session. Tuition fees were divided among the faculty in proportion to the fees they were already receiving.

In the year 1849 the curriculum was abolished. It had been found by experience that a course in which the student should



have the liberty of selecting his studies was the most desirable. Therefore, the present elective system was adopted.

This same year, 1849, was the first in which the College awarded the degree of Bachelor of Arts. In accordance with the policy of the trustees, no degrees had been awarded until this year, because it was desired to have the degrees stand for something, and this was the first time that the College course seemed broad enough to warrant the conferring of degrees.

An important and noteworthy change in this period was the discontinuance of the theological part of the institution. As we have already stated, the seminary was designed primarily for theological training, and other training was given incidentally. But now the emphasis was shifted. The aim came to be to afford opportunities for a liberal education to any vocations, and allowing merely certain exemptions to students preparing for the ministry. The Seminary was altogether Baptist, whereas the College, though undoubtedly denominational, has always had many friends and patrons of other denominations.

### THIRD DECADE.

This period was one of striking progress and growth. In 1849 there had been an interest-bearing fund of over \$16,000, and now in 1859 this had been increased to \$77,042. The north wing of the present main building was also completed, thus affording better facilities for dormitories and lecture-rooms.

Naturally, this increase in funds enabled the trustees to pay the professors more and to increase their number. The ancient language course was strengthened, and the academic department was revived and conducted by Robert Hall, John C. Long, H. W. Reinhart and H. B. Slocum.

The number of students varied to a considerable extent. Just after the campaign, in which Mr. Poindexter so stirred up the people about the College, the number increased, and in 1855-56 was 161, but by the session of 1859-60 it had fallen to 114.

The Chair of Modern Languages was established in 1859. This made necessary some changes in the course for degrees. After this the A. B. was conferred upon one who had satisfactorily com-





# STUDYING





pleted Latin, Greek, mathematics, natural science and moral science. For the A. M. the entire course, with the exception of Hebrew, had to be taken.

#### THE WAR.

Just at this time there came the disastrous Civil War. Young as well as old hurried to the front, and many a young man, who might have been pursuing his studies, was struck down. The buildings were occupied as barracks and as a hospital, first by the Confederates, and then by the Federals, in 1865. Much injury was done to the buildings and the library by the Federals. Consequently, when the war closed, the College authorities found themselves with desolated grounds and comparatively little financial standing. Most of the endowment fund was lost in the course of the war. With about \$20,000 in State bonds and seven town lots in the suburbs of Chicago, the new effort was to be made. Professors Ryland and Dabney were authorized to assume control and open a private school.

Everything looked gloomy for the school, but a new day was to dawn. The General Association met in Richmond in 1866, and during its session the despairing friends were encouraged and roused to renewed efforts by the burning appeals of Drs. Burrows and Poindexter. Then Mr. McDonald presented a report recommending the immediate reopening of the College on a worthy scale. Notable among those who seconded and supported this proposal was James Thomas, Jr. He spoke of the necessity for renewing the work, and subscribed \$5,000 toward another endowment fund. This amount was added to until it reached \$8,000, which was tendered to the trustees, with the request that they would take steps to increase it to not less than \$100,000.

Later the trustees met and decided to elect a president and four professors. D. T. G. Jones was chosen president, and with him were associated H. H. Harris, B. Puryear, E. B. Smith and Edmund Harrison. The College was again opened in October, and during the session the enrollment ran up to ninety.

On this organization of 1866 we observe that some features of the College life were improved. There was, in the first place, a



system of independent schools proposed. By this arrangement more responsibility was thrown on the individual professor, and consequently the efficiency of the departments was increased. Moreover, more room was left to the student for selecting a course adapted to his previous preparation and to his intended profession. In the next place, the English language was put on its proper plane of equal dignity with other languages, both ancient and modern. So far as is known, Richmond College led all the colleges of the land in doing appropriate honor to the mother tongue. Again, in regard to discipline, the plan declared that it should be maintained, "not so much by minute regulations as by cultivating among the students the sentiments of personal honor and responsibility." Of course, such a system works more or less satisfactorily, according to the age and character of the student, but, all in all, it is the best form of college government. It puts a student upon his honor, and honor is his dearest possession. Attendance upon religious exercises was made purely voluntary. In the long run, this is best for religion. The "messing system" was adopted, largely by reason of circumstances. At that time it was not under one management, as now, but there were many groups which "messed" to suit themselves.

The following years were prosperous ones for the College. Not only did the General Association support heartily the institution, but rich friends in the North gave liberally of their means. In 1873 the central portion of the present main building, containing chapel, lecture-rooms and society halls was built. This cost about \$50,000. In 1877 an addition to the grounds, giving a good front eastward, was purchased at a cost of \$24,000. This made the campus a rectangle six hundred and eighty-six feet from Broad to Franklin Streets, and eight hundred feet from Ryland to Lombardy.

By 1884 the library hall, in honor of Dr. Jeter, and the art hall above it, in honor of James Thomas, Jr., were practically completed. It was but fitting that these two distinguished men and friends of the College should be so remembered. This wing of the College building, dedicated to them, is handsome in design and furnishing.



In 1873 Rev. C. H. Ryland, D. D., who had been secretary and treasurer of the Board of Trustees, was elected to attend to the "collection, preservation and increase of the funds of the College." He has held that position, together with that of librarian, with faithfulness and efficiency down to the present time.

In 1869 the office of president was abolished and the executive duties laid upon a "chairman of the faculty," to be nominated annually by that body. The position of "chairman" was filled by Professor Puryear and Professor Harris for varying periods until 1895, when Professor F. W. Boatwright was elected president. J. L. M. Curry occupied the Chair of English from 1860 to 1881, when he became general agent for the Peabody fund.

A law school was established in 1870, and was conducted for two years by Professors J. D. Holyburton and William Greene; for two years more by W. A. Maury and James Neeson; from 1877 to 1882 by Professor S. D. Davies. Then, after some years, the school was revived, and Judge Gregory was made dean. He held this position until 1905. Since that time ex-Governor A. J. Montague has been dean of the law school, with Professors E. M. Long, W. L. McNeill and C. B. Smith as associates.

In 1889 the trustees caused to be erected the row of buildings along Lombardy Street. They are four residences for professors, one dormitory and a gymnasium and refectory combined. Again, in 1899, a science hall and a dormitory known as "Memorial Hall" were built at a cost of \$45,000. These additions, taken with the large central buildings, give good facilities for the various phases of college work.

The College library, consisting of about 15,000 volumes, is being added to from time to time, as funds allow. Students have free use of it, and find it an invaluable asset of the College. Also, the museum, already containing valuable paintings, sculptures and curiosities, is being improved by purchase and by thoughtful alumni, who send to it pieces of art and curios.

In the matter of attendance, Richmond College has led the colleges of the State. From the humble beginning, with fourteen students, to the present time, there has been a steady advance. Students come, not only from Virginia, but from Canada, the



North, the West and the far South. The enrollment at the time of this writing is two hundred and seventy.

This sketch shows that Richmond College is emphatically a growing institution. It is firmly rooted in a great denomination, and at the same time has the respect, and to a considerable extent the patronage, of all religious denominations and sects, including the Jewish. The past shows that the trustees have always avoided debt and insisted upon solid worth. The faculty has emphasized honesty, industry, and a high standard of examinations. Students have been serious and earnest, working faithfully for the attainment of truth. Friends of the College, recognizing its strategic position and the spirit of its progress, have generously given of their means. Only recently the General Education Board has bestowed \$150,000 upon the College, and there is reason to believe that this is but a beginning. So the outlook is full of hope: the promise of the future is bright for Richmond College.









## To Virginia.

BY WALTER J. YOUNG.

O Virginia! Virgin land for heroes bred,  
Thou mother of my country and my State,  
Whose offspring number with the noblest great;  
On whose needled carpet martyrs shed  
Their blood for country's cause and mankind's stead;  
Where Washington upheld the arms of fate,  
And long did Lee with destiny debate;  
O Freedom's battleground, where warriors bled,  
I love thy glories and thy exalted past,  
I love the simple grandeur o' field and hill!  
Down Fame's great vaulted vistas till the last  
Great sound of Gabriel's trumpet earth shall fill,  
The rocking echoes of thy red cannon blast,  
Through distant ages, ring an heroic thrill.



## The Little Noel.

BY R. A. STEWART, PH. D.

JACQUES ARNOT was slowly toiling his way through the thick mantle of snow that shrouded the squalor of the most wretched suburb of Lille. In the immediate neighborhood silence reigned like a ghastly presence, but from afar came murmurs as ominous and terror-inspiring as the muffled snarling of a pack of ravening wolves. From time to time the man would pause, prompted to turn back in the direction of the hubbub, but his self-command kept him on his way. Threading a narrow, hut-lined alley, he stood at length before his own dilapidated dwelling, pulled the latch-string of the shambling door, and entered.

After a furtive glance at a straw pallet, on which two childish forms were stretched under a mass of tattered covering, he approached the grateful blaze of the brushwood fire. Seating himself on a low bench, he had removed his heavy shoes, now half-choked with snow, and was about to stretch his feet to the warmth when his glance fell upon two tiny *sabots*, side by side, on the hearthstone. For a moment he seemed puzzled, then his face showed a sudden intelligence, and he shook his head sadly as he murmured:

"Noel! The little Noel! What folly! But, *les petites*, with them it is different."

He arose, and passing over to the cot, gently drew the cover from the curly heads, and as he bent to kiss them, murmured again:

"What sin to disappoint them! Why don't the good God send His little Noel down with something for them if he can do everything, as the priest says He can."

He turned again to the fire, and drawing a few sous from his pocket, counted them thoughtfully, and then with a despairing frown returned them to his pocket. Going over to the window, he threw open the crazy shutter. A gust of biting wind swept into the room unheeded; his mind was dead to all but the ever-deepening glow that illumined the western horizon, and the cries and howls faintly borne to his ear upon the wind. As he listened,



the lust of the mob-spirit entered his soul, and his thoughts were full of blasphemy.

"As well let the gendarmes kill me as for us to starve to-morrow or the next day," he muttered. "The sabots shall be filled. What sin is it to take from those who grind us down? Down with the rich! Long live the strike!"

He closed the blind and paced the room like a leopard, until he espied a rusty knife, which he eagerly seized and concealed beneath his clothing. Then, drawing on his scarcely dried shoes, he went over and kissed each little brow, and slunk from the room.

A mad run brought him back to town in a few moments, and he was soon in the heart of the red riot that now reigned supreme. A howling mob crowded the streets. Doors were being broken and windows smashed in every direction. Wagons and the furniture of the taverns had been dragged out and placed across the streets as a barricade. Women were smearing the pavements with black soap to hamper the evolutions of the gendarmes' horses. A long procession streamed by, hugging the loot from the bakeries and the wine shops.

Jacques attached himself to a mob that was in the act of breaking into a brewery. Their object was soon accomplished, and when the liquor, feverishly gulped down, had added fuel to brains already at white heat, a voice suggested joining forces with a column then on the way to destroy a factory at Roneq. The plan met with instant approval, and the maddened crowd surged out and down the street towards the suburb. As they turned a corner, their attention was attracted by the illuminated windows of the church of Saint Jean le Baptiste, where a handful of the faithful were attending a solemn service of preparation for the morrow.

"Down with the priests! Long live Combes! Let's drive them from their den. The rogues, *va!*" shouted one of the leaders.

A yell of approval was the reply. And, like demons, they hurled themselves against the frowning doors, which the *suisse* made a vain effort to bolt, and swarmed into the body of the church, where the terror-stricken worshippers, mostly women and children, huddled for a time, in one transept before the statue of the Virgin, expecting her, through her divinity, to stem the



tide of sacrilege. The marauders, stone-deaf to the priest's wild gesticulations and anathemas, stripped from him his sacred vestments, and would have subjected him to further abasement, had he not outstripped his persecutors, and vanished after his now retreating flock.

Then the motley throng yielded themselves to unrestrained license, battling fiercely for the rich ornaments of the altar. And Jacques, bent on filching some shining trinkets for his little ones, seized upon a rich crucifix and a gilded vase; and, to secure his booty from some more vigorous arm, slipped through the open side entry that had furnished exit for the fugitives. As he slunk through the arched doorway, a sudden grasp on the shoulder brought him face to face with Father Pierre, who had baptized his children and administered the last sacraments to his dying wife.

"For the love of God, Jacques Arnot," whispered the priest, "save the body of Christ from the sacrilege of the infamous."

Jacques recoiled, abashed and quivering, for the instant bereft of speech.

"If you have no reverence yourself, do it for the sake of your sainted wife and your innocent children," continued the priest with anguished insistence.

The man steeled his face defiantly for a moment, but then a flood of recollections surged upon his brain, and he hung his head.

"For the dead and the little ones," he said, and turning abruptly, his massive bulk wedged its way back through the raging crowd within. He pushed on to the high altar, where the work of desecration still went on, but, to his amazement, the *ostensorium* high up on the altar remained untouched. Several hands were stretched forth to seize it, but others drew them back, as if in fear of an avenging thunderbolt.

"Cowards, what do you fear?" cried Jacques, and reached up and clutched the awful vessel.

As he did so, his eyes fell upon the crucified Christ above the altar, and lo, to him it appeared that the features that before had worn an expression of supreme anguish now cleared into a smile. The man's face blanched and his muscles contracted con-



vulsively, but he held tight the vessel, and strode on through the crowd, who shrank at his approach as if from the plague. The precious burden was soon in the hands of the trembling ministrant.

Jacques fell upon his knees, his brow beaded with sweat, as he drew from under his blouse the sacred loot.

"I know," he stammered, "the good God has shown me a miracle. The Christ above the altar smiled. Oh, father, I have sinned. I came to rob."

"But you are thrice blessed if God has shown you a miracle. By that sign all your sins are forgiven."

The crowd that a moment before had choked the church was now streaming from the front door to meet a detachment of gendarmes. Cries and howls and the report of firearms already filled the air.

"We must reach a place of safety," said the priest, "but where this fearful night?"

"If you will come to my humble dwelling, there is no danger there, father."

"Let us go," returned the priest.

"Follow me," replied the other.

The two clambered into a by-street, and plunged along in the direction of the suburbs, often meeting parties of stragglers, but a word from Jacques sufficed to allow them to pass unmolested. And once when they encountered a body of gendarmes, a hasty word of explanation from the priest was necessary to secure their safety. But finally they reached the little hut, and Jacques led the way into the bare room, faintly lighted by the dying embers.

"To think of the good God going into so wretched a place," said Jacques humbly.

"Think not of that," replied the priest. "He was born nineteen hundred years ago in the manger of a stable of Bethlehem."

And he placed the vessel on the table and reverently covered it with a cloth, while Jean, with many genuflections, laid the crucifix and vase beside it.

After feeding the fire with a few of the twigs that remained, the peasant knelt beside the holy man, and made a clean breast of the deeds of the night—of how he had wrestled with tempta-



tion, and how the thought of the disappointment of the little ones had been too great for him to bear.

"Your temptation has led to a great blessing to you and to yours," said the priest. "Nor shall the little ones be disappointed because of this night."

Thrusting his hand into the bosom of his undergarment, he drew forth a purse, and, stooping down, emptied the contents into the little shoes on the hearth. Then the two, feeling it sacrilege to talk in the presence of the awful mystery, sat silent the rest of the night before the smouldering embers.

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As the rays of the morning sun peeped through the cracks of the door and fell upon the eyelids of Jeanne, the elder, she opened wide her black eyes; and, looking toward the fireplace, saw the two men sitting there grimly, and then the little shoes that seemed empty.

"*Mon pere*," she sobbed, "why didn't the little Noel come last night?"

The priest took up the larger of the shoes, and carrying it to the child's bed, put it in her hand, and there in the bottom shone three gold pieces, the like of which she had never seen before.

"Yes, my child," he said, as she cast upon him a half-alarmed, half wonder-struck look; "yes, the little Jesus did come, as you see, and He is still with us."

And he bowed towards the host and crossed himself devoutly, while Jacques sobbed repentantly by the fireside.





## Sea Change.

By J. C. M.

The livelong day the sea had darkly bloomed  
Beneath the covering of a misty veil,  
And perils dire to o'er-wrought fancy loomed  
From that dim cloudland, all without the pale.

The mist was peopled with ten thousand forms  
That rose mysterious from the darkened main,  
And hoarsely whispered death in rushing storms,  
Suspended, held in this aerial rain.

The foghorn's dreary, deafening minute-call  
Had conjured from the vast and awful deep  
The forms of men—no longer men at all—  
Who, phantom-like, mid shipwrecked timbers sleep.

Such visions then of clashing ships arose  
As filled the soul with grave, portentous fear;  
And hearts all brave with secret terror froze,  
And eyes were dim, unused to shed a tear.

When lo! the darkened surface of the sea  
Is streaked with light that breaks across the waste;  
With light that set the trembling spirits free,  
And on the waves its purpling image traced.

The fiery red of sunset melted through  
The vaporous pageantry of peopled mist,  
And flitting forms, as morning's trembling dew,  
All vanished, dream children-like, sun kist!



## A Parting Hymn.

BY A SENIOR.

Father, we are parting,  
Hearts are rent in twain;  
Must friends here who sever  
Never meet again?

But we feel Thy presence  
In Thy holy stead,  
Solemn benedictions  
Doth o'er all us shed.

In this aspiration,  
Sweet as morning dew,  
Love for Alma Mater  
Wakes our hearts anew.

Deepest reverence feeling,  
These old walls we greet,  
Till in days before us,  
Here again we meet.





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## History of Senior Class.

A Few Chapters Selected from the "History of the Round Table,"  
Being those Containing the History of the '07 Class.

BY A. H. STRAUS, '07 CLASS HISTORIAN.

### CHAPTER LXX.

#### HOW THE FIRST NAUGHTSEVENS CAME TO COURT.

THE summer season was at last drawing to a close, and King Boaty had again summoned his knights together. They had been journeying afar in quest of adventure, but no sooner heard they the call than all hastened back towards Richmond.

Rapidly were the seats about the Round Table filled with the old familiar faces, but there were also a few new ones to be seen. They were knights of a new race, who came straggling in, one by one. From great distances they came, and they called themselves Naughtsevens.

From the sugar lands of Louisiana came Sir Dana Terry, who was destined to become so famous on account of his great speed, his sweet face and bald head. From Appomattox came that great wit, Sir Samuel Harwood. The domain of Richmond sent to court as two gallant representatives, Sir Samuel Phillips and Sir John Blunt, who brought several fair damsels in their wake. There came likewise numerous others. They lived, fought and prospered, and thus passed the winter.

### CHAPTER LXXI.

#### HOW MORE NAUGHTSEVENS JOINED THE GOODLY COMPANYE.

A year had passed, and again did King Boaty summon his knights, and promptly did they arrive. There were with them the Naughtsevens whose merits were now recognized by all, for they had done many wondrous and valiant deeds.

When all were gathered about the "Round Table," announced



King Boaty that soon he expected more Naughtsevens to arrive, whereat the old Naughtsevens were displeased, and vented their ire, calling them "upstarts" and "rats," and did for them make ready a paddle serenade. Whilst these preparations were being made, a great cloud of dust was seen approaching, and quoth King Boaty, "Arise and haste to make welcome the newcomers."

And now, as they drew nigh, a gigantic figure could be seen at their head, and behind him rode many beautiful damsels and handsome knights. When they were within a short distance, all dismounted themselves, and made approach afoot. The large knight at their head, as he came forward, did make with his stately military stride a passing brave appearance, and all marveled who he could be. Then King Whiskers, decrying the motto on his shield, "I can kill eight kings in one year," did declare that it could be no other than Sir Benjamin Harrison Turner and the R. H. S. cavalcade. With great joy were they received, and all did go within to partake of the sumptuous feast there made ready.

Whilst all were feasting, arrived more men from the country of Fork de Union, with Sir Totsy Chewning at their head. This marvelous good knight, with a flow of eloquence not surpassed by Mark Antony himself, declared the pleasure which it gave him to enter the service of the "Round Table." All thought the speech well said, and King Uncle Billy contentedly remarked "Ah!" but from the corner came murmurs of dissatisfaction, and, to the astonishment of all, King Tricky was heard to exclaim, "Say it better!"

When Sir Totsy and his followers had been made right welcome, there was seen approaching on foot another knight, who, though he limped, yet bore himself with a haughty manner. Upon his shield was emblazoned the inscription, "Damn all precedents."

"That, forsooth," quoth King Mitch, "must be Sir Caesar Young, a passing good knight, methinks."

"Aye," made answer Uncle Charley, the wizard of the court, "but me liketh not that inscription. It bodeth trouble."

But all made welcome Sir Caesar, as did they likewise the other knights who came. So the Naughtsevens prospered, fought, and won many battles, and all went well until spring, when King Whiskers' wrath was aroused.





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## CHAPTER LXXII.

### HOW KING WHISKERS SMOTE THE DOLOROUS STROKE.

And now had King Whiskers watched the Naughtsevens for many months, and found that they were becoming "fresh," which greatly aroused his ire, so planned he with the aid of King Boaty a great tournament.

When the appointed day arrived, all the knights rode forth to participate. The Naughtsevens, with their customary valor, were carrying all before them, when a new knight appeared in the lists. It was King Whiskers. Mounted on his fiery steed, Hypotenuse, and wielding his mighty sword, Exam, rode he into their midst, and 'ere his sudden onslaught could be resisted, half of the Naughtsevens were stretched out upon the ground, sorely smitten.

Many lay there, never to rise again, but others with stouter hearts recovered, and renewed the fight the next year.

## CHAPTER LXXIV.

### HOW THE NAUGHTSEVENS RECOVERED STRENGTH, GAINED NEW FORCES AND BATTLED ANEW.

When the summer had passed and the knights had again come together, it made sore distress with the Naughtsevens to find that many of their number had returned not. They grieved not greatly, though, for they knew that those who had returned were of the stoutest hearts, and then several Naughtsixes, becoming dissatisfied with their companions, had come over and joined them.

There also arrived many new and learned men of a strange kind. They were not like the other knights, but were fain to hunt for rules and laws. But King Boaty, in his goodness of heart, permitted them to remain at court, and put them under the charge of King Montague. So not less generous could the Naughtsevens be, and received them likewise into their ranks.

Whilst these knights were coming in, one by one, a strange figure was noticed advancing up the road, his bald pate glistening under the resplendent rays of the sun. All supposed him to be a priest,



but their grievous mistake was soon discovered, for 'ere he reached them, he was heard swearing mighty oaths at the heat of the sun. In troth, it was Sir Timothy Kerse, a surprising stout knight, who explained that he had lost his helmet and horse to Sir Sugar Wright, betting that the Rangers would lick the Muckers.

There came also Sir Laney Jones, who bore on his shield the inscription, "A wise man changeth his mind often." Later became he famous for his joviality of demeanor.

The Naughtsevens were muchly pleased with their new forces, and all went well until against the time came for the great tournament.

## CHAPTER LXXV.

### HOW SIR WOODWARD AVENGED THE MANY WRONGS OF KING WHISKERS AND HOW KING LYNWOOD LA FOUSH STAMPEDED THE PONIES.

It was again time for the great tournament. Sir Woodward, bent on vengeance, came forward to enter the lists. So great was his haste that, noticing not whither he was going, he ran right into King Mitch, and caused him a grievous fall. King Mitch painfully arose, but not in the least perturbed, calmly spake, "Thank you; yes, thank you. Right along, please; thank you." Seeing King Metty approach, he explained to him that "some knights are amazing awkward."

King Metty, looking sympathetically at him, made answer, "Yes, that is *essentially* true. I am sure that you can *feel* that."

In the meantime had Sir Woodward entered the lists and engaged King Whiskers in a fearful combat. For hours the battle waxed and waned until finally Sir Woodward smote him a grievous buffet and overcame him. This gave the Naughtsevens great pleasure and Sir Woodward was awarded a gold medal for his valor.

Many Naughtsevens during their wanderings had procured ponies renowned for their speed and took great pride in riding them. They knew not that these ponies were uncertain and so rode them to the tournament. For awhile, all went right well until King Lynwood La Foush entered the lists along with his





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friends, King Harris and King Boaty, who were on either side. He was mounted on his fiery steed, Construction, which snorting fire, so frightened the ponies that they one and all threw their riders in the dust and stampeded. This put an end to the fight and King Foush, with a contemptuous remark respecting ponies, left the field.

The ponies were later recaptured by Sir Mac de Louthan.

Later another jousting was held, in which the Naughtsevens competed with the Naughteights, Naughtnines and Naughtsixes, but easily conquered them all, Sir Mac de Louthan winning special honors.

## CHAPTER LXXVI.

HOW MANY NAUGHTSEVENS JOINED THE FAMOUS SQUAD; HOW  
THEY PROSPERED AND HOW THEY SADLY PREPARE TO  
GO FORTH IN SEARCH OF THE HOLY GRAIL.

The next fall saw the arrival of no new Naughtsevens. Some had even deserted and joined the Naughteights, but most remained faithful. A new king, however, had arrived and soon became he famous for his knowledge of the magical arts. He was known as King Bingy and was remarkable for his constancy to a damsel in a far-off land.

There was this year a famous squad formed, which went forth to fight in neighboring realms of Randolph-Macon, William and Mary, and numerous others. They won many battles and many Naughtsevens did fight in the ranks. Sir Oscar Bowen was commander of the band, but Sir Elmore won the hearts of most damsels. He was not a true knight, though, it being said that he wore once at a single jousting favors of six different damsels.

\* \* \* \* \*

The year rapidly passed, and the time is now drawing near when all the Naughtsevens must depart on their search for the Grail. Along many weary and difficult roads must they go when they separate. As the time draws near, they sadly make ready to depart on their search, all hoping for success. May they find it.  
(Thus endeth the tale of the Naughtsevens.)



## Adieu.

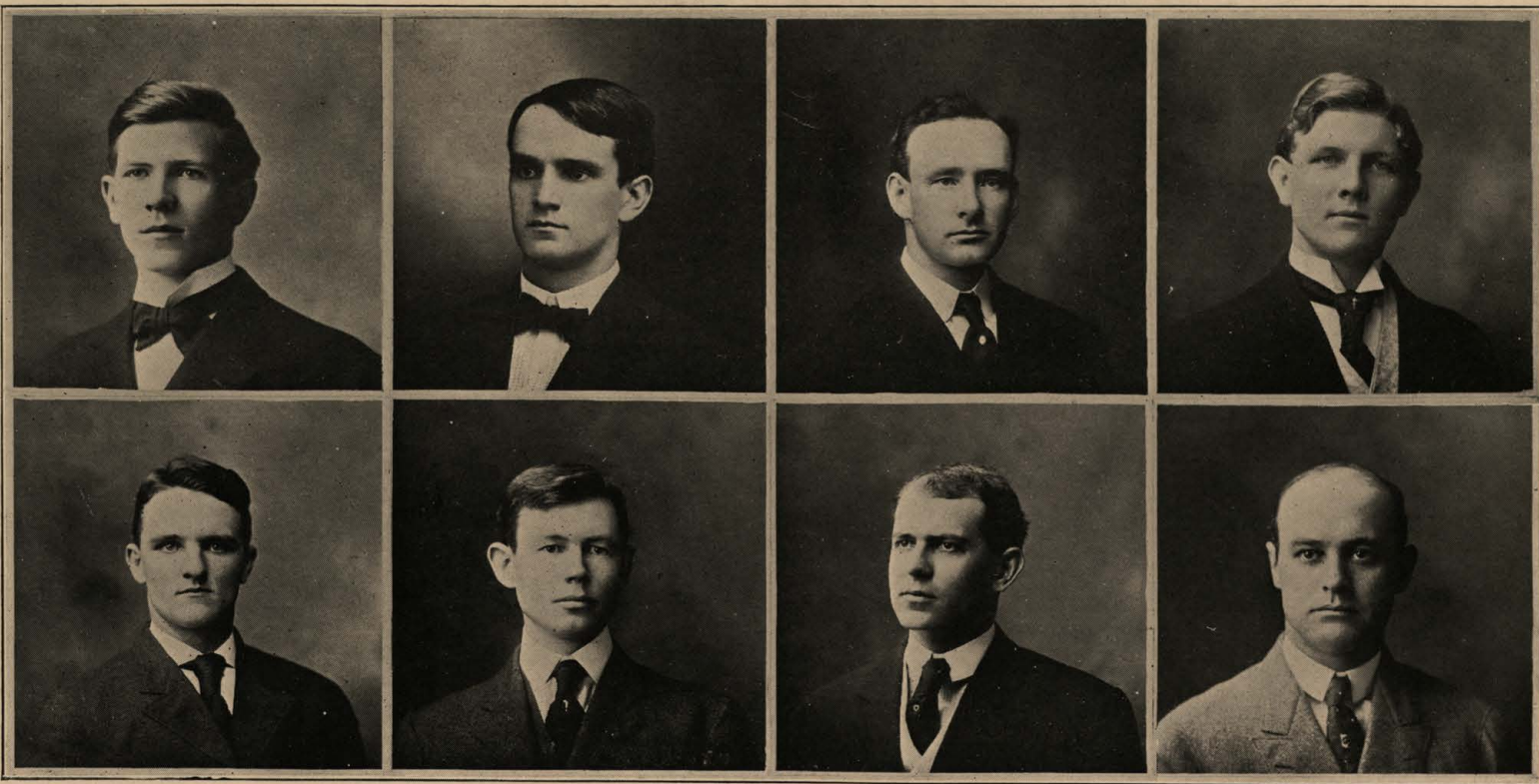
BY J. B. MILLER.

Oh, comrades dear, the time is here,  
When violets 'gin a blooming;  
Their fragrance rare, pervades the air,  
Like heliotrope perfuming.

Oh, comrades mine, tis near the time,  
When violets 'gin a peeping;  
Their coats of blue, bespecked with dew,  
Like Juno's eyes aweeping.

Oh, comrades dear, the time is near  
When we must be adieuing,  
And leave to you, our interests true,  
Surrendered all aruing.





A. W. ROBERTSON, B. A.  
J. S. WRIGHT, B. L.

NAPOLEON BOND, B. L.  
LANEY JONES, B. L.

H. A. BOWEN, B. L.  
F. W. HUBBARD, B. L.

T. C. SELBY, B. L.  
T. L. KERSE, B. L.







## A Passion of the Wild.

(Winning Article for Writer's Medal.)

BY WALTER JORGENSEN YOUNG.

IT was *her* child. Why did they repulse it? Why did they spurn her as a thing loathed and outcast? Was not her love as pure, her child as perfect as ever rested upon the breast of woman? Were they disgraced? Nay, her bosom was branded with the "scarlet letter." Why should it rankle them against her child? All their persecutions she would lightly bear, but her child—It was born of pure love; was not its father the noblest man who ever trod a road or hillside in Paddys Run? Ah, she remembered that first day she saw him. He came up to the cabin door and knocked and she had opened it, thinking it might be Lige. It chanced to be this paragon of men. How tall and powerful, so gracious and handsome withal—such a contrast from uncouth, awkward Lige—he had appeared. How dressy were his tweeds and his leather leggings. There was a look of surprise, of mingled pleasure and admiration in the beaming of his eyes, keen and clear and true. Even now, she could feel the thrill of that blush—her very first—and the hesitating accents of her question.

He was from the valleys, he said; from the Bluegrass. He was prospecting; that was all he would tell. She was pleased with his frank admiration of the singular beauty of this "Mountain Daisy," as he had called her. She shuddered with pain to think of the malignant looks from Lige; the lowering glances of suspicion from her father. "A guvment spy, I bet!" said her father; "I'll kill 'im, if he makes soft eyes at ye," growled Lige to her that evening. They had kept special watch of the still every night after that; but nothing came of it. He was perfectly frank and self-confident; yet why did he go up and down the gulch, tinkering with every rock with that candle and pipe, into which he blew so constantly? They let him lodge in the cabin, the better to watch his movements.

The days passed. They were blissful days. When he came at evening into the lean-to kitchen he would chuck her chin and whisper some sweet words about his "Mountain Daisy." The



days seemed filled with him; the nights were endless dreams of him; and she came to look forward at each eventide to his return. Rapturous was the moment that day at the spring, when he caught and kissed her, and told her his love. She felt a new world open to her that day, and hung on his words of the wonderful valley, where everybody lived in palaces, where the farms were seas of lovely bluegrass, and everyone dressed as elegantly as he. He told her of his business, trying to unearth the secret treasures of the mountains; of his return to the valleys for the winter, where, please God, he hoped to come back to take her the following spring and summer. She had listened to his words with mingled awe and anticipation; and loved him with her whole soul. She trusted to him her all. She shielded and defended him in the family councils; soothed the surging wrath of Lige, and Bill, her brother, whose rancor against Alleyn was greater than all; and calmed her father's blustering threats.

The fall had come, and he had gone back to the valleys, taking with him her heart, her life, her love, her—all. They had been secret, but—did she not trust him to the end of the world? Her father's threats had compelled it. And then, he could not take her yet; but he would come back. That miserable winter! She was cold to Lige, and angered him. He swore again and again to kill that "damned gov'ment spy," if ever again he crossed his path. Then came the breaking spring, and with the birth of summer, the birth of her child. Her heart even now congealed with horror at the curses and maltreatment of her father, and the maledictions he had called down upon her head. But then, her child! Yes, it was her child. She, who had given her life's blood for it, would defend it with her life's blood. She hated—nay she did not hate. But she longed for his returning, and he would come; he would come.

She sat crouched in front of the broad open fire-place, unconsciously crooning to her child, and swaying her body to and fro in a soothing, rocking motion, while she brooded over the misery of her condition and the things of the past. The waning day had gone out, and only the flickering fire of the logs on the hearth cast their dim, unearthly glare over the bare and almost unfurnished room. The babe's peaceful slumber and steady breathing











marked a contrast from her heaving bosom and occasional sighs. She sat brooding and thinking, unconscious that the hour for lighting the cabin lamp was long past, and that three hungry men would soon come in for the meal, which was not even begun. She was lost to the world in her misery and her woes, her hopes and her fears.

The door opened and a man stepped in. He was tall, spare and gray; his face furrowed and set off by a drooping mustache; his eyes bleared, but with a cruel glint; he was dressed in rough homespun, and wore cowhide boots. Her father stood for a moment in the doorway, and stared, his hand on the latch. Her stooped figure between him and the flickering red of the fireplace was silhouetted in bold relief like the head of a stag against a painted sunset. She was a bent picture of misery. He lurched forward with heavy step and, with threatening mien, growled:

"Liz, what does this mean? Strumpet, up with you! Ye good-fer-nuthin' wretch, disgrace of an hones' father; up with you! Git a move on, or by—— I'll beat the hide off'n yer back. Now git a move on ye, and put down that damned brat. Down, I say ——."

And as he struck with his palm at the infant on her bosom, Elizabeth, who had risen stupified from her sitting posture, turned her shoulder to ward off the blow and received it full on her flaming cheek. Again he struck her.

"That fer ye, and that fer yer brat! Now git a light. Quick! An' some grub. Damn yer lazy bones. I'll crack 'em like bacon brittles, but ye shall mind me, ye disgraceful ingrate. Go!"

As she placed the infant on a pile of rags in the darkest corner and slunk into the kitchen, the father kicked a stool to the other end of the cabin, venting the physical force of his fury. She had just returned with the light when the door opened and in strode a raw-boned, tobacco-mouthed youth of twenty-three, leering and swinging his arms as he came. His cold eye took in the things at a glance.

"Mopin' agin, eh Liz? Pap, ain't ye goin' to stop this (approaching the girl and hissing in her face). Ye blasted wanton of a guv'ment spy! Aint it enough fer ye to disgrace yer kind father and brother and sneak around after that speckled valley cock?"



Where's yer shame? Damn ye! But ye sit here all day and pine for that milksop of a rock-tinker, an' feed yer mind on dreams. Where's my feed meantime? And I work my hands off fer ye to be spiled by a valley dude. I spit on ye, ye——."

His father grabbed his shoulder, and hurled the girl into the lean-to. She, weak and trembling, was just sizzling the hoe cake over the hot coals of the fire, when a light step was heard coming up the path and a hearty whistle tuned the bracing night air. The door of the shed opened and a hearty, boisterous, jolly young mountain buck entered. A great laugh was on his lips—but he stopped half way; his face softened and became grave as he observed the stooping girl and her tears. He dropped the bundle of implements, and hastening to her, took her in his arms, soothed her sobs, and dried her tears.

"What is it Bess, little sis? Have they been abusin' ye agin? Blame their dad-gasted souls! I'd throttle the hull blame bunch if 'twant my own blood. Come let me finish, while ye set here on the stool. There, that's done, now the bacon. Go in the room and tell 'em it's ready. Wipe yer eyes and then go to the spring. Don't fergit pap's pipe and canteen on the stool. Soft now, lass!"

As they sat down to supper, the girl disappeared. For a time a glum silence was observed. Then the brother, Bill, contemptuously exclaimed. "This pinin' breeds laziness. Thet gal needs a sound beatin'. Her notions needs more takin' down, 'cordin' to my notion."

"Shame on ye Bill, an' yer own sister," exclaimed Jack, the other brother.

"An' I'll show her too," chimed in the father, "I warned her already."

"And ye take up fer 'er an' encourage the brazen wench, until the pride and 'pertnance 's makin' her no end o' sassy. Ye're bad as that valley cock-pit, durn ye!" brawled Bill.

"An' ye're a brute, ye heathen!" railed Jack.

"Blame ye, silence!" thundered the father, pounding his fist on the table.

At that moment the door opened and a stern-faced lad of twenty with heavy tread came into the cabin. Naturally, there was something honest in his high forehead and clear blue eyes;



but one observing closely could see a steely glint in them, restless like the quavering heat of a burning coal. Something taciturn and hang-dog was in his attitude, but a nervousness seemed to possess him—a sort of dangerous air of quickened desperation. “G’devenin,” was all he said, and sat down on a stool in the corner.

“The gal’s mopin agin’, Lige,” Bill observed, after a silence; but he got no response,” Pap’s gittin’ tired on it, an’ so am I.”

“She’s an impudent wench,” agreed the father; “these high-toned notions o’ hern, I’ll take out. Mind me that.”

“Thet sneakin’ hellhound was a slick cuss, an’ cunnin’ as the devil—a snake in the grass, I call him,” again spoke Bill.

Lige’s temples purpled until the veins stood out on them like whip-cords on a platted stock at the mention of Alleyn. He gnashed his teeth and clenched his fists as he blurted out, “Yes, and if he comes in my sight agin, I’ll kill ’im, sure as ——” and Elizabeth, just entering the door, dropped the pail in alarm at the threat.

Thus the summer wore on, and matters went from bad to worse. She endured from misery to misery. The father cruelly spurned the child, and watched every chance to maltreat her, while her brother Bill was a very serpent’s sting with his vile tongue; and Lige was growing more morose each passing day. Jack stood her only protector and consoler, and observed with concern the fading of the girlish form. The infant alone thrived amid its surrounding misery, of which it was the central cause. Elizabeth was refused her bunk among the others arranged in tiers at the end of cabin and made to sleep on a pile of straw in the loft under the roof.

It was near the end of August, and the night had been oppressively hot. Through the opening, fitted with a sliding door, from toward the east came stealing the refreshing breeze of the morning, bearing the dewy fragrance of the mountain phlox and the blossoming azalea. Its balmy touch was like the sweet ministry of angel hands to the worn-out soul and body of the forlorn girl. The morning star hung gorgeous, a transcendent, brilliant steel-blue, just above the paling horizon, and poured its eager rays in upon the sighing sleeper. Elizabeth opened her eyes.



What was that? Surely it was he. It must have been he she had seen, winding his way up the laborious path from the Run. She would know his form among a thousand. Every morning she had stood on yonder shelf of the rocky headland to watch the sun rise on his coming. But he never came; and this was all a dream. Still he would come; she knew he would come. Her heart's heart told her he would come. As that was true, he was true. The brutal treatment from her father and Bill had all been borne with patience for his sake; but now, oh she hated them. If she yielded less reluctantly and avoided their blows more strenuously, it was not because she did not receive her share. To call themselves men, when in truth they were brutes! Disgraced, when no disgrace is greater than to strike a woman! Her soul rebelled within her, and she despised their taunts, their filthy talk, and their poverty. Yet, she had her babe, and then, there was Jack. Dear kind boy, she loved him better than her own self, and repaid his debt of love with her lowliest service. He was her one bond and stay that connected her to the mountains and the home of her girlhood. All else was lost in a world of misery and misfortune.

(She leaned over her babe.) Here was the darling that made her life possible to her. Life—life was that contemptible thing, unchosen, yet condemning her to suffer, as if in a universe of desires, where people lived and loved, they should envy her life because she, too, had loved and lived. Life—life was a counterfeit specie, imprinted with a false face value, but deceiving and worthless; but love—if she must live to love, to love only was to live, then she would live for loving. And here was tangible substance of her love, wrapped up in all the tenderness and delicateness of a babe. His eyes were like the bluebells that grow in the dell—they were his father's; his nose was straight as a shaft of granite—that, too, was his father's; his mouth was the full purple-redness of the wild grapes' cluster, ripening for the autumn's kiss—this was hers, unless the lines of firmness about the corners were his father's; and those velvet cheeks were like the downy petals of the wild rose, fresh and soft and pink.

(She looked out the slide-hole and gazed full upon the morning star.) How peerless was the glory of yonder star. So was her lover among the multitude. How large, how resplendent in its



evanescent grandeur! So had been those fleeting days her lover had occupied in her life. How gorgeous, how single it stood in its regal splendor! So stood her lover, individualized in her world of men. Was not that star shining for her, to remind her of him and to tell her that he was noble and true to her? Did it not signify that as yon star must depart with the morning, yet would return again, so her lover, who had departed over the hills beyond the star would come again?

With this hope she would stay her quaking bosom. Aspiration is the loftiest instinct of the human soul. Did not her heart yearn for the star of its horizon? But the star could never come to her. No! Like a child, she was troubled at the thought. Then—her lover could never come to her! Therefore she would go to her lover. Where? Oh, over to the beautiful lands beyond the mountains, where the rivers like silver ribbons run over sands of gold between the emerald meadows. Yes, the thought struck her. If her lover could not come to her, she would go to him.

She acted on the thought as if in a dream. Having never undressed, she was already prepared to start. In a moment she picked up the child, which she had from fear lifted from its resting place on the pile of rags, and taken to her own straw bed. She tenderly placed around it a little silken shawl, the last vestige of all her sacred possessions, and with stealthy tread, began the perilous descent of the creaking ladder. Its cracking noise struck her dumb with terror, sounding to her overwrought ears like lightning crashing some mighty oak, as she paused on each round of the descent to listen for the heavy breathing of the sleepers at the end of the cabin, if they had wakened. The regular respiration allayed her fears. She stepped from the ladder and gathered up her shoes. She must make no noise. How dingy and dirty the cabin seemed in the dim twilight that came down from the slide-hole above. She left the cabin without a regret for a greater longing. Love is the supreme law of life, so it be pure; and she was following the dictates of Love. She had no desire to tell them good-bye. She hated them too heartily. Creeping with the intensest quiet to the door, she laid her hand upon the latch, when a sudden qualm seized her. She was leaving Jack, and that without a good-bye. With the stealth of a cat, she crept to the bunks.



First at Bill, she gazed with a smile of scorn, and then at her father with a look of pity; but a sense of sadness swept over her, such that she could scarce refrain from weeping, as she knelt to kiss Jack on the cheek. That was her only farewell. She stole back to the door, lifted the latch, and stepped out into the morning.

The day was fast breaking upon the sky and the morning star had disappeared. There blew against her cheeks, changing them to roses, the sharp freshness of the morning breeze on the mountains. The mist still hung heavy in the gulch below, and all down the run was invisible to the eye. She would climb first to the look-out on the ledge of the bluff, and take up her morning watch for Alleyn; then she would begin her journey. Having laced her rough cow-hide boots, well-suited for mountain climbing, she started up the toilsome ascent with her child in her arms. How many times Alleyn and she had walked arm-in-arm up this same path to view a sunrise or a sunset. She plucked a daisy by the wayside; his "Mountain Daisy" she was, and now she put this in her bosom to take to him, she thought, as a remembrance of the real mountain daisy she was bringing to him. As she climbed her purpose seemed to gain strength, until by the time she had reached the summit, her design was fixed.

She stepped out on the ledge and, putting her palm above her eyes, gazed far out over the mountains, as they rolled away, ridge upon ridge, off toward the horizon, with the abyss yawning but a foot away from her. Her slight figure, bent a little forward, was couched in a gown of blue homespun, that even then showed the sturdiness of outline of a mountain girl, yet with a grace in the pose that would have struck the greatest artist. The singular beauty of her features was rather enhanced by the wildness of her unkempt hair, which flowed in wavy golden ringlets over her shoulders, and gave an air of carelessness to the sad, yet exalted purity of the face. So intent was she that evidently she was lost to every sense of sound.

As she stood there gazing, far down the path a step might be heard approaching, and as it grew nearer, the tall handsome form of a man might be seen. There was a steadiness in his gait and easiness of movement that bespoke a man unusual to the moun-



tains, yet accustomed to its vicissitudes. On nearer view it could be made out that he was dressed in tweeds and leather leggings. He came on up the path and, rounding the last curve, stopped to watch the observing figure. For a long time he paused, and by the eager look in his eyes, it seemed almost too much to hold back, so that his fingers twitched in the attempt.

He stepped out on the ledge and put his arm around his wife. A little shriek of mingled pain and pleasure escaped her. "Alleyn!" was all she said and abandoned herself to his embrace. He bent down to caress away her sobs of joy; then took the babe to his bosom. He put his arm around Elizabeth, who leaned her head in gentle repose upon his shoulder and there together, reunited, they stood to see the morning sun rise in its first gleaming glory over the distant mountain peaks.

In the sassafras bushes about thirty yards behind them, there was a rustling of leaves and crackling of dry twigs, and a skulking form, rifle aslant, came creeping like a fox behind them. On the face of that figure was at once the malignant look of hatred and the triumphant gleam of revenge. Lige crouched behind a bush and turned aside a branch the better to get a view. A tremor of rage shook his frame like the twanging of a bow-string; his face turned ashen pale as he parted his thin lips and set his teeth. He rested his rifle in the fork of two limbs, and aimed. There was a shot, a shriek, and then a silence.



## To My Auld Naig.

(*An Elegy.*)

BY HARRY M. BOWLING.

Thou's deid, my bonny naig, thou's deid,  
Nae mair can haud thy sonsie head;  
Thy sleekit coat o' glossy red  
Is towzie noo;  
Thou lies fu' still upon thy bed,  
My naig, my jo.

I mind the mony canty days  
I spent wi' thee upon the braes  
Wi' pleugh and graith neath Sol's het rays  
And cloud-flecked sky,  
Our wark attuned till birdies' lays  
In trees near-by.

I mind thy welcome morning neigh  
As to thy stall at break o' day  
I cam to bring thee aits and hay;  
But silent noo  
That whinnie is for aye, for aye,  
My naig, my jo.

I mind thy brawn as true as steel,  
The wark thou did and did fu' weel;  
I mind thy lightsome, tricky heel,  
But lifeless noo;  
Nae mair thy foot will raise the Diel,  
My naig, my jo.

I luved thee naig, my jo, my belle;  
I luved thee mair than tongue can tell;  
I luved thee mair than my ain sel',  
Wi' luv sae true  
Nae ither naig can cast her spell  
O'er my hert noo.



I mind when thou had lost thy sicht  
And day to thee becam as nicht,  
I luv'd thee mair for thy sad plight;  
Was fain to gie  
An e'e o' mine to gie thee licht,  
That baith might see.

I mind the time when thou was ill  
I watched wi' thee a' nicht, until  
The day 'gan dawn abune the hill  
Aff i' the east;  
The while my hert was nigh to fill  
Wi' dark wanrest.

I mind the day when thou did dee  
When on the yirth I knelt by thee  
Wi' saddened hert thy death to see—  
Thy pawing feet,  
Thy gasping breath and glazing e'e,  
Thy hert's last baet.

Lang syne thou laid thee down to dee,  
Lang syne thou passed awa frae me;  
But I hae na forgotten thee,  
My naig, my jo.  
Thou's live within my memory  
Forevermore.

Oh! nocht o' thee doth noo remain,  
But here and there a bleaching bane;  
A lock I cut frae out thy mane  
To mind thee by;  
Thy shoon I keep, but thae bring pain  
Frae days gane by.

Wae worth the day! Wae worth the day!  
That took my naig frae me for aye  
And left my hert a' filled wi' wae,  
I feet it noo!  
I mourn for thee and maun alway,  
My naig, my jo.



## Old Isaac's Cliffs.

By F. RUCKMAN.

A GRANDER display of scenery than burst upon us, as we emerged from the gloomy solitude of the great woods into the little space of sunshine at the brink of the precipice, I have never seen. The timber had from some cause, failed to grow clear to the edge, leaving a little space covered with short, soft, wild grass. The immense mountain spur, towering above its mates seemed to have been violently torn asunder, leaving a great rough perpendicular precipice of gray limestone, so high that the tops of the tallest oaks growing at its base, were far below me. The soil itself below was little less precipitous, and made the height appear almost twice what it really was. Far below were the homes of some hardy settlers, scattered here and there on the steep slopes, with the little cleared plots around them, or rather, to be accurate, above and below them. Farther on was a rolling plateau-like valley, several miles wide, and dotted here and there by houses. It looked sleepy enough in the distance, but was covered with growing grain or hilly pastures. Beyond this and on either side there may have been other fertile valleys; but they were not visible. As far as the eye could reach, only a great, unbroken mass of mountains could be seen. There were so many ridges and spurs of every shape, size and position, that there seemed hardly space for the little streams to flow between them. The nearer ones with their hues varying from the dark green of the massive oaks to the almost black stretches of pine loomed up boldly, their rough outlines clearly defined, while the ones farther off gradually grew smoother and lighter, till finally, it was impossible to decide whether the last grey bank visible was a mountain, or a smoky haze on the horizon.

"And why are they called Old Isaac's Cliffs?" I asked the man with me, when I had drunk in the wonderful beauty.

After slowly biting off a mouthful of tobacco, and carefully replacing the remainder in the pocket of his baggy trousers, he told me this story:

"They wus named after a man who used to live back here by hisself, and used to come here, and read and smoke, and



gaze over the mountains. There ain't no way of tellin' how and why he come here. Back thar in the holler nigh the path we come up is the ruins of his old shanty, around which was onct a little cleared spot, though it's all growed up now, and some people say hit's haunted. Every night about twelve o'clock, something screams and hollers like it wus in mortal terror; but I don't take no stock in sich yarns. I've heard the screamin' and it ain't nothin' but an old mountain owl, though I do say he ken give a most un-airthly yell. It's enough to scare the ole Devil hisself, if he'd never heard one screamin' and laughin' like a wild man, only about ten times as loud.

"Old Isaac come out here nigh onto twenty year ago, and made his livin' huntin' and fishin'. He warn't no hand to work, and only raised some cabbage and taters, and sich, and bought his terbaccar and groceries at town (I could see the town in the distance and counted five buildings) and toted them out here on his back. He warn't no great talker, and never asked anybody his business, nor told 'em his'n. Old Bill Jenkins, the postmaster, used to try to get him to tell him what he was doin' here, but it warn't no use. He was a mighty slick one, and mighty few things ever went on without him knowin' it; but old Isaac kinder straitened up as much es to say: 'mind yer own business,' and payed no further attention to him.

"He was a powerful fine lookin' feller, I ken tell you. I see him now, just like he was just afore he died; his tall, slender figger, bowed some by age, his steel grey eyes, and long white whiskers. They used to talk about him at the store just after he had left, and try to figger why 'twas he wanted to live way out here by hisself. Some 'lowed one thing and some another, and they never could come to no conclusions.

"So he lived on year in and year out, only comin' to town when he had to buy somethin'. Some of the boys wus back here trackin' a panther, that hed been prowlin' around, near the end of February; and on the way home, come by his shanty to see how he wus, es he hadn't been seen for quite a spell. They banged on the door, but no one answered, and on openin' it, all was quiet, and no sign of Old Isaac.



"Leadin' away from the cabin wus some tracks in the meltin' snow, kinder zig-zag, like as if they'd bin made by a drunk man. Follerin' them with a good deal of trouble, the snow bein' most gone, they come to the cliff here, and lookin' over saw Old Isaac. He had likely been sick, wandered here to his favorite place in deliriums, and stumbled over.

"They wrapped his remains in a blanket, part of their campin' outfit, carried it away, and buried it the next day in the old graveyard. There warn't no papers or nothin' tellin' whar he was frum, and I ain't no idee but his life will always be a mystery."

I wondered much afterwards why it was that this man of evident culture should have chosen such a life, and even if there might not have been more cause for his death than was shown by the circumstances. But little did I dream that through the strange working of fate, I should be the one to whom it should be revealed.

My stay in the "Little Mountain State" came to an end all too soon, and not long afterward, I found myself in one of our large cities. Late one night, I dropped into the office of a young lawyer friend to chat awhile, and found him hard at work getting up a hard case. I soon took my leave, but just as I was doing so, he received a hasty call from a prospective client, who wished him to draft his will.

Having nothing to do, I accompanied him, and together we hurried down a crowded street of the busy metropolis to a fashionable private boarding house, where we were immediately led by the liveried butler into the client's presence. He was a large gentleman of some fifty years apparently, whom I took for a prosperous business man. His eyes had a wild glassy look, but he seemed calm and in full possession of his senses. He was suffering from an acute attack of heart trouble, and had at most only a few hours. He wished my friend to draw his will, and act as executor. This he consented to do, and we made all arrangements at once, for we knew from his glassy eyes that he was dying.

My friend, when he had attended to the more important matters, hurried back to his office, leaving me to attend to the minor details. The gentleman's property was practically all stocks and bonds, and was to go to his nearest relatives. It was necessary for me





CO-EDUCATION AT THE OLD WELL.







to ask some questions concerning them, and following out this train of thought, he told me of his own life. Things which he had hardly dared think of, and which he would never have told, save for the instinct we have to make known our secrets, when about to plunge into eternity.

His life, he said, had been a failure. He had grown up in an aristocratic family in England; but not content to live in the settled ways of the old world had come to America. Before he had come, he had married the girl of his choice, one of the most beautiful girls in all England, and one he had loved from childhood. With other friends and relatives, they came to America, and went into business.

"Those were bright days. Georgie was always bright and cheerful, and spared no pains to make me happy. If I was tired and dejected, she always greeted me with a smile and a kiss. If my business called me away, she must know the very earliest moment at which I could return. Once I thought I would surprise her, my business was finished earlier than I had hoped, and hurrying back on a night train, I almost ran home, picturing to myself her happiness at my early return. Never before had she seemed quite so dear to me, as she did that night as I bounded up the steps, and into her room to surprise her. Surprise! Had the flames of hell leaped out of that room, and shrieking devils carried me on white heated forks to the fumes of their torment, I could have been no more surprised; my life, no more warped! The woman I had loved from girlhood, ay from childhood, more than life itself, was unfaithful! But *he* should pay for his crime. I rushed blindly at him, like a dragon to crush a victim, but he was too quick for me, and knocked me senseless with a heavy vase. Too cowardly to finish his work, the beastly wretch escaped before I regained my feet. Day after day I searched for him, but he had no doubt been warned and eluded me. Finding no clue in the city, I then went to England and searched, but all in vain. But I was not discouraged. I determined to find him if it took all my life and fortune. I was too discouraged and restless to settle down to business; and there was a kind of fascination and peace in the thought of revenge.



"I came back to America and continued my search, going to every place where there seemed to be the least hope of finding him, but it all seemed to no purpose. Had it not been for a friend in England, he should probably have escaped me. He was connected with the postoffice in London, and one day noticed a package which was sent by a relative of my enemy to a little town in America. He wrote me this, and though the name on the package was not the name of the man I sought, I thought it might be a clue, and at once started for the town.

"Hidden away in the mountains of one of our states, and miles from a railway I found it. Fortunately the people thought me a timber grabber, and I made no effort to make them think otherwise. I acted the part as best I could and waited as patiently as possible for information about the man. It soon came. One day while talking about the best timber with a group around the stove at the little store, it was not long till the conversation turned upon a man who seemed to be living alone somewhere, not many miles from the village. I took no part in this, but little by little I heard him described, and when he had come. Good Heavens! How my heart beat, when I knew it was he! I gripped my chair and tried to steady myself, but thought they must see my excitement. No one seemed to notice and I slipped out without attracting their attention.

"My plan was soon formed. I would make a detour, ostensibly to examine some timber lands, taking provisions for two or three days and, if I could find a convenient place, camp out for one or two nights. I set out the same day and relying on the little information I had gained, hoped to reach him by sundown. But I was not to be so fortunate. I must have missed the way several times, for it was late at night when I saw a little gleam of light, that I knew must come from his cabin. Slowly and stealthily, I crept towards it and peeped in. There sitting on a rude chair, with the firelight dimly lighting up his face was the man, who under the guise of friendship, had stolen my wife's love, and ruined my life.

"I felt for my pistol. One shot and I should send his soul flying into hell. Slowly I raised the weapon. My hand shook and I hesitated. If I should miss! As I waited his head slowly sank



upon his breast and he slept. I had been excited; now I could think. If I shot him perhaps I should be suspected. Noiselessly I opened the door, and like a tiger moving towards his prey, I approached him. The wind shook the little structure and I heard the cry of some wild beast in the distance; but he slept on.

"It was but a second's work to bind his hands together, and he was my prisoner. Before he realized what had happened, I had pushed him out and closed the door. Half dragging, half carrying him, I forced him struggling on to a great precipice I had seen in the afternoon. Down this I should hurl him and when he was found, there should be no evidence that he was thrown over, and no one should ever be suspected. But I would be liberal. Without a word I cut the thongs. Like a wild beast, he was upon me. But it was no use. I was at last to have revenge. Not even a regiment could stop me. Closer and closer we swayed, till with one terrible effort I threw him high in the air. There was silence. A thud. And all was over. Far below in the moonlight I saw his shapeless form—but the man is gone."

He paused, sat up, and threw up his hands, exclaiming: "His face! his face!" and fell back, dead.



## The Opal Ring.

BY WALTER J. YOUNG.

I have her tiny opal ring  
Upon my little finger,  
Round which dear thoughts and memories cling,  
Of her sweet presence linger.

I catch its prised radiance  
In a greenish golden shower,  
As sunset clouds reflect perchance,  
The Queen of Sheba's dower.

A flash, an instant, then is gone,  
Alas, I know not where to—  
No cherub smile, no elfish fawn,  
Can her fickleness compare to.

Her smile of favor, frown or chill,  
Doth all my soul discover,  
Whilst I go on, petulant still,  
A folly-inviting lover.

In woman's soul, the opal shines  
In its capricious fulness,  
Now with an eager love entwines  
A cold and stony dullness.

O heartless woman, Circe's crown  
Of witchery beguiling,  
Brings hell to men with just a frown,  
And heaven with her smiling.



## Money versus Cupid.

BY S. H. ELLYSON.

JOHN HOWARD—you have never heard of him, have you? No wonder, for his sort are common nowadays—are young millionaires. But he had been brought up exceptionally well—for his class. His home had never known the luxury of even one horse and carriage. In the summer the country was the only change. He went to the public school and by twenty emerged from college a gentleman wherever you put him. Then, while he was pondering over what humble career he had best choose, an avalanche of brown land and green fields and cattle thriving unattended, bore down upon him; and for three years he struggled to master it. At last when he emerged and had felt the force of his new-found wealth, he placed all confidence in the almighty dollar; and he was contented with his lot.

Yet, one day Ellen Mayard looked John Howard straight and sweet in the eyes, and who can blame John?

We don't need the biography of Ellen in this tale. That she was a girl of the plains is enough to set any young man's pulse to fever action; and she was a graduate of Vassar for good measure.

John drew up a plan—John was a fool then—and he staked it off and set the dates and thought of the golden future. He had house parties at home in Montana and at home in New York. He had "train parties" almost anywhere. He had yacht parties in Japan as well as in the Mediterranean. And many other kinds of parties of which Ellen Mayard was always a part.

At last money could do no more. The time had come—the time set for the finish—which he had set, three years ago. He was brave. And he found her that night alone. Then all the love a masculine heart can give came out from the depth with his voice.

"Ellen," said he, "I love you."

"Really?" she asked with a certain shrewd little smile. "But how am I to know?"

Now if ever any young dreamer awoke more suddenly to the fact that his thoughts were all cobwebs—well he's got a close second in John.



"Why—why—er—because I say so. Because I mean it. Because I—" and here he stopped.

"How curious," she said with a ripply laugh, "and now what do you want *me* to do?"

"To love me, of course. O Ellen! don't you love me?" cried John.

"Wh-a-a-t!" she gasped, with great astonishment. And then with a little giggle—"John Howard, you are the limit! Oh-ho! and he hasn't even flirted any yet! uh ha-ha-ha-ha-uh-ha—" And on and on she went, peal after peal of the merriest laughter. Oh, she was beautiful to John then. And he with an impulsive reach gathered her in, and as she shook with laughter, held her closer, and between the peals you could hear his anxious voice begging—"Say it, Pink, say it. Don't you love me?"

Slowly the laughter stopped and through dewy eyes she gazed up into his. And now he thought her yielding. Yes, she seemed to grow smaller—and more dear! and O who can tell the story of her eyes! But only for a second! Suddenly it was gone! A cold chill stiffened her! And she drew slightly away, yet not entirely, as if in doubt; as if one final test must be had before surrender.

"John," she said, suddenly, "Why should I love you?"

"Why—er—haven't I been nice to you?" he blurted out. "Haven't I taken you around everywhere? Haven't I—" he gave it up. Even as he spoke he felt the harshness, the coldness of his words—words which he could not but use, for they were truth. There was no more use now. She would see the whole wretched scheme. And it was so.

She tore herself from his grasp. She stood the personification of indignation.

"Yes!" she cried, "Now go and propose to Agnes Raymond! You've been *nice* to *her*. Go and tell Helen Sayers you love her! You've taken *her* around everywhere. O yes, they'll be glad to marry a *nice*, young, rich millionaire. O yes, they—O you cruel—cruel—Oh—huh—huh—" and she burst into passionate weeping and John left like a whipped dog.

What a change! With mischief and glee she flew to the window. He did not see her farewell kiss. He did not hear her say things most gratifying to the ears of men. He was far down the



gloomy street, and his soul burned sore within him and the day was gone.

Before the sullen fire in his room he sat as the midnight bell declared the morning. But he was as unconscious of it as the dark skies. A fight was on. All the fiery, scowling, wrangling tempers in his nature lashed and fell against the memory of those surrendering eyes. He cried aloud that he would have her, and then again her taunting laugh repelled his very soul, and he felt himself a sordid brute, with brute anger and brute thoughts.

Ah, it was a fight. But slowly the heat died down and he allowed himself to think of her as sweet and adorable once more—just because it was more pleasant to do so. Soon he fancied, as before he had done, how it would be at the end.

A faint chuckle broke in upon those thoughts. Peering around through the murk he at first saw nothing; then a blurred, white something caught his eye—on the chandelier it sat twiddling its toes and having lots of fun. It was warm and living—Cupid! As soon as he saw that John had noticed him, with an excited little cackle he fluttered towards the door and pattered out into the hall. But John wasn't slow. He saw a great possibility and springing up he lunged after him.

Then began a very great commotion. The fleet little boy was most "skeered" out of his wits and the man was determined. All over the house Cupid led and John pantingly followed, keeping close enough behind not to permit him to open a door or window. It seemed ages and the flitting little shape sometimes danced double before his eyes—but he was determined.

At last, with a screech of delight, Cupid darted at a small crack in a window. But alas! It was too small for *all* of him. His little quiver caught and stuck and held him kicking until John could grab him.

"Now!" he gasped, "*now*, you won't get away until I say so! You little imp of Mars! Keep still!" for Cupid was kicking and scratching and fluttering worse than the most dignified of gobblers on a Thanksgiving Eve.

Slowly he bore him to his room. There safely locked in the closet he waited until he should subside. Cupid must have been brought up poorly for he butted the door and screeched and said,



"Dog gone it!" and deserved a spanking generally. But it did not help matters any, as he soon found out.

"You see," said John from the other side of the door, "I need you to help me in this—this game. Won't you shoot her for me!"

"Ain't go'n'er do nuffin," Cupid replied from within.

"Then," came the decree, "you shall henceforth live in the dark."

"Ya-a-a-a!"

"And your mother will cry for you to come home. And jolly Hermes will run his legs off looking for you. But you'll never see mamma anymore."

There came a silence which encouraged John to speak again.

"That's right, you will shoot her for me, won't you?"

"Ain't go'n'er do nuffin," the sturdy little voice replied.

Long he puzzled how to act. It was awkward business to a bachelor. That he must force him was clear. But how—that was hard to say.

"You say you won't do it, even if I clip your wings?" he said fiercely.

No answer.

"And cut off your hair?"

—No answer.

"And put soap in your eyes?"

—No answer.

Could it be possible that he had escaped? With a quick step he flung open the door. He was there alright, looking very much pleased and very sardonic. John wondered why. Glancing around he spied his quiver leaning against the wall—*it was empty!*

"What's this!" John cried, turning on him.

With a jolly laugh Cupid let his eyes rove to a dark corner of the closet. There! there upon the floor lay a glinting pile of broken arrows! John sprang to the corner and vainly tried to find a whole one. Hope was gone. He was a fool all around, anyway, and he didn't deserve her. Then he looked around and Cupid was not there. Rushing into his room he saw only an open window. As he approached it a little white shape shot across and a taunting cherub voice cried, "I'se shooted her already, so bah!"











"You little sinner!" the astonished John said, and stood peering into the darkness. Then a long time passed and at last the glow of the now almost dead fire broke through his eyelids and he awoke, and behold, it was a dream.

Suddenly the significance of it all flashed upon him. "By Jove, I believe he's right," he cried. "Did she say she didn't love me? No! Johnny, old boy, I believe you've got another chance." And jumping up he entirely forgot to go to bed that night. But when the morning awoke he had solved the problem—he had decided to court *his* sweetheart *himself*.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Why Mr. Howard what a stranger you are!"

"Now you know I couldn't help it, Miss Ellen. Even little boys like myself have to work."

"But little boys generally get around it in some way." Miss Ellen returned.

"Or," he said, "they make up for it afterwards. So I'm going to require twenty-thousand-million nights of you now without stopping."

"O, you pig!" said she.

So that's the way they started again. Many nights passed, a whole hundred, I reckon, and it was in the summer among the flowers. And the trees hung their quietness above the spring that welled into the sandy bowl. The road ended here. And here were John and Ellen. All along the road topic after topic had been discussed and dropped until at last nothing further remained to be said. Yet something wanted saying and it haunted their tongues. And when the road ended and the place was so beautiful, it seemed that that was the time.

"Ellen," said John, "do you love me?"

"Why should I, John?" she asked and she raised her sweet pensive face and waited for the answer.

"Because you can't help it," he said.

And it was so.



## Castles in the Air.

BY S. G. HARWOOD.

My heart is filled with longing  
For one whose picture fair  
Hangs in the dreamy visions  
Of my castles in the air.

On earth I have not seen her  
Though truly everywhere  
I've sought the radiant spirit  
Of my castles in the air.

I could not well describe her:  
I only see her there—  
The dream of truth and beauty  
Of my castles in the air.

It seems that in her nature  
Are attributes so rare  
That none can touch the maiden  
Of my castles in the air.

I would that she were mortal;  
Then surely would I dare  
To woo the lovely being  
Of my castles in the air.



## The Day Before.

BY A. HAMILTON STRAUS.

THE last three months have been to me merely an indeterminate blank. Many specialists have treated me, I am told, some for a strange nervous disease, some for a rare and peculiar fever, and still others for insanity, but all have failed. I awoke this morning as sane and sound as I ever was, and was not even aware that three months had passed until informed of it at breakfast. Now that I begin to think of it, tho, I recall the first day of this lapse of time but can remember nothing more. It was thus:

For some days I had been working hard preparing for the February examination. The night before I had had only two hours sleep, and that simply a mass of dreams. On this morning, when leaving home for college, I felt nervous and worried, and longed for a few hours' rest, but dared not take them, for there was some dissecting which must be done.

Only a few blocks had been traversed when, looking up, I noticed a short distance off a crowd standing in a circle viewing some object. With natural curiosity I edged my way through. How I afterwards cursed that foolish curiosity! I saw! and *such a sight* I pray to God that I may never behold again.

I am not easily frightened; have never feared a fight; I have been shot at without flinching; and can walk thru the gloomiest of graveyards at any hour of the night without a tremor, but even now I shudder to recall this sight. My deadliest fear is that of a man in any way delirious or insane, and in spite of what I once hoped, I realize now that this fear will never leave me. As I looked and beheld that large man lying there helpless on the pavement, his limbs jerking and twisting themselves with horrible contortions, hands clutching and grasping at everything in reach, those bulging eyes rolling in their sockets like two glass orbs, the mouth foaming with bloody froth, a spasm of terror seized me and paralyzed every muscle. I longed to flee but stood there as tho rooted to the spot.



I saw the physician come thru the crowd and stoop over the figure; my place was to help him but I was powerless to stir. Gradually I began to gain control of myself, and breaking thru the crowd ran rapidly away. People stared at me in astonishment, but I cared not for that, so glad was I to get away. After reaching the dissecting hall I was soon lost in work and my fright forgotten. It was not revived again until that afternoon.

Crossing the campus on my return from dinner, I stopped to speak to a friend, this being the only conversation which I can recall having held the entire day. After I left him I was hailed by a one-legged man standing on another walk at a short distance. Taking for granted that he was some beggar I took a coin from my pocket and walked over to give it to him. When I had almost reached him, he muttered something which I could not understand, and then for the first time I looked at his face. His general expression was that of a lunatic. There was no mistaking those eyes. Quickly turning, I walked rapidly away. I would have run but I felt safe from a one-legged man; besides he looked harmless, merely simple.

I strove in vain to continue my dissecting, but my mind kept wandering back to those two sights. They seemed to haunt me as I worked on alone, and finally giving it up, I walked over to the window to look out for a little while.

I noticed Professor James coming up the walk. He was not walking naturally, but was shambling along, almost staggering. Suddenly he halted, and getting down on his hands and knees, began to crawl! I was astounded. I knew the walk to be slippery, but not enough to justify this. There was no mistake, he was drunk! The idea shocked me, but I realized that I must act quickly; he must not be seen thus. Slipping on my coat, I hurried down stairs.

On reaching the bottom, I found him still crawling. Intending to help him up, I approached him and took him by the shoulder, but as I did so he snarled out at me, "Why are you not in the laboratory?" I replied that I had just left it, and then getting up, he looked at me. The horror of the sight held me bound to the spot. I had seen drunken men often, had helped them before, but this man was not drunk, he was mad! Never had I seen a



human countenance so horrible! He raised his claw-like hands as tho he would clutch me, when, suddenly gaining control of myself, I turned and fled. I dashed thru the door and up the stairs towards the dissecting hall. Why I should have done this, knowing that there was no one there, I can not imagine. I could hear his footsteps behind me, but I was gaining.

Into the room I rushed, expecting to bolt the door, but found it so swollen that it would not even close. What could I do? Then a strange thought came to me. I tore off my clothes. I stood my hair up. I laughed as diabolically as any "Mephisto" ever did. I would "out-herod Herod." Let him be crazy, I would be crazier.

When he ran in I was ready for him. I raved and swore, yelled and laughed, while he stood on the other side of my dissecting table looking at me, not as he had a few moments before, but now with the stupid air of a simpleton, his mouth open and his eyes popping out. I laughed to myself—"a little more," I thought, "will scare him sane." I started to climb over the table towards him when things began to grow dim, and suddenly "number eight," the body on which I had been working, sat bolt upright and glared at me with horrible eyes. I was almost stunned by the sight, but, quickly recovering myself, sprang upon the table, grabbed him in my arms and began to dance with him. Things grew dimmer and dimmer, but I cared not, for a new feeling of levity had seized me and I laughed and yelled with delight. We were now no longer alone, for the other cadavers had risen and were dancing too—a horrible sight, mangled and cut up as they were, but for me they had a peculiar and inexplicable fascination. I gloried in the sight. There were parts missing from all; in one, whose chest was laid bare, the heart could be seen jolting up and down as he danced, but, whatever else was lacking, all had eyes. Such eyes!—I feared them not, tho, for I felt that mine were like them. As we danced, things grew darker and darker, then gradually all faded out but their eyes. At last the brilliancy of these grew less, and finally disappeared. All was darkness—my memory fails, and I can recall no more.



## Clouds.

BY S. G. HARWOOD.

Sweeping with majestic motion  
O'er the vast expanse of blue,  
Driven by the winds of heaven,  
Ever tossed and tossed anew:

Or, again, on smiling breezes  
Lightly floating in the sky,  
Casting shadows o'er the landscape,  
Here and there they hover high.

In the one case or the other,  
Gloomy, dark, or peaceful white,  
In them is the hope of verdure—  
Earth made fair and hope made bright.

So may I in storm or sunshine,  
Calmly labor day by day,  
Knowing that the hand of Wisdom  
Guides me surely all the way.



## **The Old Bookseller.**

From the "Philadelphia Post," Feb. 14, 1876.

### **UNCLE PETER DROSEY IS DEAD.**

**Famous Old French Bookseller is to Be Buried in Europe—Said to Have Been Well Connected There at One Time—Life Somewhat a Mystery.**

(LOCAL)—Our citizens on and about 30th street are greatly bereft by the death of the quaint old bookseller who, it seems, has a mystery connected with his past life. Uncle Peter Drosey, as he was called by all who knew him, especially the children, died sometime ago leaving a request that he "be layed aside to await the coming of some foreign friends who would take him back to France." These friends, two well-dressed Frenchmen, as it is evident from their peculiar dress and manner, have come. Both seem greatly grieved at the loss of the old man; the younger more noticeably so. But they are non-committal, turning the reporters wholly aside and only accidentally letting fall the remark that the name of the old bookseller was not Peter Drosey. This breeds mystery; but as Old Uncle Peter was always silent and obscure upon the subject of his past life, it is generally believed over the neighborhood that he was probably the victim of some strange mystic plot or disaster in that, his far-distant home of France. The old bookstore, with its hangings, were bequeathed by him to Amos Jackson, a worthy resident of this city, and a great friend of the deceased.

### **Who the Old Bookseller Was.**

#### CHAPTER I.

ONE of the few leading families near Marseilles, in Southern France, was the De Turbors. Although the Revolution swept away much of their wealth and possessions, they were men of good breeding and great strength, who could naturally take the position of leaders in every place and condition.



The present head of the family was Count Pierre De Turbor. He was a man past middle life, strong, famous as a sportsman, and like all previous De Turbors, foremost in the social and political movements of his country. Every one liked him; even the children came to the grey-haired old man in their troubles. But he had never married. There were a great many stories told as to why he had not, but nobody knew the true one, and it was said that Count Pierre never spoke to any woman of love or marriage.

His companion was his nephew, Louis, who, when a baby, had lost his father and mother. Count Pierre, with his great heart overflowing, brought the child home and made for him from that time on a constant friend and companion.

As time advanced Louis grew older, until one day the Count realized that his nephew was an actual man, and in love. As was the custom in that country, Count Pierre accordingly went to plead the boy's case with the mother. She was a neighbor, the Duchess of Aix.

The Duchess listened with attention and then said:

"But how about the settlements? Louis is all you have. We are very poor, you know; and the dear boy has nothing!"

"Why, he is my heir!" returned the Count quickly.

"Pardo! Indeed yes; but you are alive." The Duchess keenly observed the figure before her, noting its firm strength and distinction. Her breast heaved; gradually her eyes were raised to his; in them burned a gentle fire.

"If you," she began in a soft voice, "only would come to plead for yourself—"

The Count drew back a step and after a time said:

"I may think, then, there is no objection to him more than his lack of funds?"

"Yes; that is all there is, my honorable friend."

## CHAPTER II.

Two years passed slowly by. Louis and his fiancée were still madly in love, but each was growing thin and pale over their troubles. Louis moped and smoked incessantly, finally taking to drink.

One day the Count reasoned with him kindly and frankly.





RICHMOND COLLEGE, FRONT VIEW.







"There is every chance for you when I am dead. Louis, can't you wait till then?" In a hoarse voice: "Do you really wish me dead?"

At this the younger man threw his arms about the older.

"Daddy, you are worth all and more to me!"

But he could not and did not forget her. Next winter the Duchess thought of going to Paris, intending to find a title for her girl.

One cold, bleak day, the Count took his gun down from the rack and went out on the cliffs for some sport. He did not return at the usual hour, and next morning his cap and gun were found washed high up on the rocky beach. It was evident that he had fallen off the cliff and that his body had washed out to sea. Louis mourned deeply for his father, for the old man had made of him more than a son. After due time he received his title and the estate which by law came into his hands, as the only near relative of the deceased Count Pierre De Turbor. He then married.

#### CHAPTER III.

About two months after this incident, a small bookstore on a quiet, back street in Philadelphia was bought by a man whom one would take to be a foreigner, but whose English was even purer than that of the people who surrounded him. The little shop consisted of two rooms, a kitchen and a back room; they were poor but scrupulously clean. Their owner was the same.

Over the shop door was nailed the sign, "*Mr. Peter Drosey.*"

He lived for ten years in this little place. Business was good in a small way, but the strange old man spent most of his time in the back room, bent over some old forgotten French writer or biographer. After awhile, a few scholarly old men began to haunt the place. All the children in the neighborhood came to know him, and when any one of them needed help, it was always Uncle Peter that was their best friend. Sometimes he would tell them a strange story of his past life, but never to the outside world, not even to his old scholarly friends would he give a hint.

He was a person without a past or future.

Late one fall, after a short sickness, Uncle Peter Drosey died of fever. While in delirium, he told the doctor about Count Pierre, saying over and over again:



"Yes; he had to die! He had to die! A pretty good kind of a fellow after all, too."

Before the end he sent a letter to France.

"Yes; he'll take me home; dear old home!"

In a short time several Frenchmen came. All were in deep mourning. One of the number seemed overstricken with grief.

"If I could only have known," he said.

They took the body of the old bookseller back to his beloved boyhood home in France. No words of explanation were given to the nosing and curious newspaper men; but, the name on the coffin was one of the oldest and noblest in Europe.

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## A Hymn.

BY WALTER J. YOUNG.

God of life, to Thee we raise  
Lofty prayer and holy praise,  
For the common brotherhood  
Of Thy Truth, our greatest good.

God of Life, Thy Word shall shine  
In this temple, Truth's own shrine,  
Whose old walls forever stand,  
Biding Thee and Thy command.

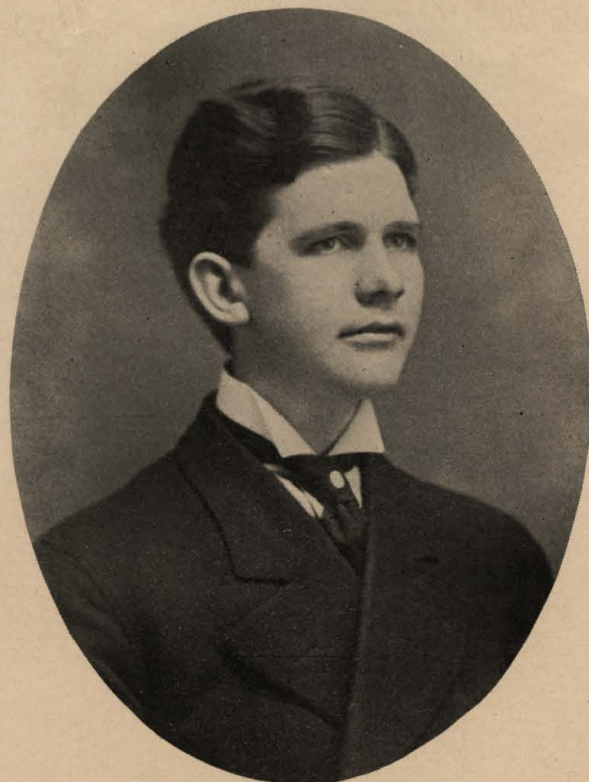
God of Life, if Thou dost bless  
Noblest service, righteousness,  
Let Thy benediction be,  
We may serve mankind and Thee.

God of Life, All-Seeing Eye,  
Discerner of earth and sky,  
May the light of truth prevail  
Here in learning's tranquil vale.









MR. JOHN BRAXTON MILLER,  
Winner of Medal in the  
Virginia State Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest  
at Roanoke College,  
May 3, 1907.



## To Spring

BY S. H. ELLYSON.

O Spring! O thou abode of newborn hope,  
Thou pregnant land of stilly noises hushed;  
By winter's dormant weight thou hast been crushed;  
Yet now, thou singest waking those who mope.  
Boon to the world, thy young entrancing scope,  
Thy charmed air with rosy promise flushed,  
Thy verdure covered heights, whence glaciers gushed  
Have found in thee the greatest philanthrope.  
Far and wide the eye may sweep thy land—  
Thy gentle breath is incense to the gods—  
Enthusiasm rises in thy train,  
And dreams uprear and cry with loud demand.  
Oh see! how every flower becks and nods  
And silently entreats thee to remain!



## The Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society.

BY JOSEPH F. CROPP.

THE Mu Sigma Rho Society of Richmond College was organized October 10, 1846, through the union of the Washington and Columbian Societies of Richmond College and held its first meeting under the title of the Mu Sigma Rho Society October 17, 1846.

At this meeting a constitution and by-laws were formulated, and the body elected Wm. Royster their first president. The first question debated in this Society was, "Is success in life, owing more to native and original talent, or to perseverance?"

From the time of organization to February 3, 1849, the Society met in the Academic Hall. From February 10, 1849, to October 13, 1853, it met in the Chapel of Richmond College. Even at such an early day the old records show that we had some spirited and ambitious men. They could not bear the thought of meeting as a Literary Society in the same hall in which, at certain periods of the year, they sat and dreamed over an "examination board." So they decided to leave this unfortunate chapel and "go up higher." Thus they entered the present Mu Sigma Rho Hall. "The Society being in a good condition spent its money freely."

She worked "without ceasing," training her men for the great responsibilities of future life. Not only did she train them to be lawyers, doctors, preachers and "men" in the commercial world, but she trained them to be heroes upon the field of battle. For suddenly, in 1861, her progress was brought to a close for a season and her sons were called forth upon the battlefield to engage in one of the greatest causes that ever throbbed in a human heart.

In her "ante-bellum" days she published two magazines. From 1851 to 1859 she published "The Gladiator," a magazine written by hand and read before the Society. From 1858 to 1860 she published "The Mu Sigma Rhonium Star," a magazine also written by hand and showing a great deal of talent as well as patience.

On October 11, 1855, she gave birth to a daughter known as the

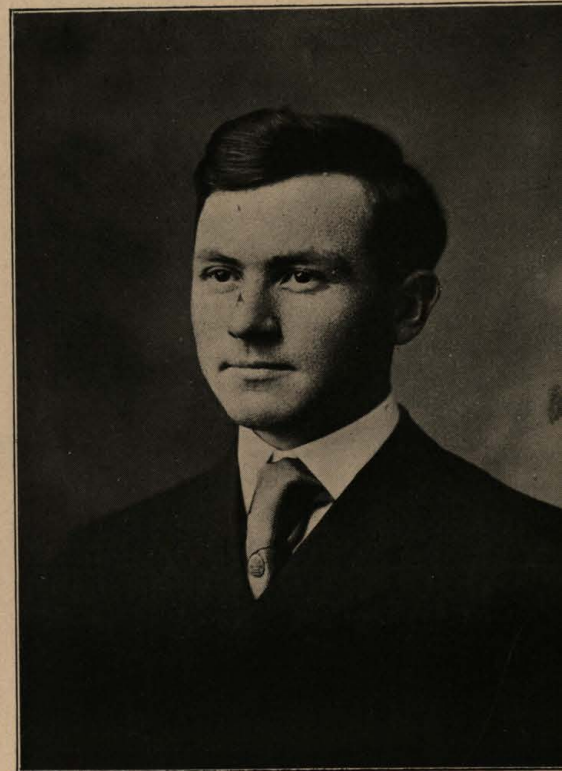




WALTER JORGENSEN YOUNG,  
President First Term.



JOHN BROCKENBROUGH WOODWARD, JR.,  
President Second Term.



BENJAMIN CALLOWAY JONES,  
President Third Term.







"Philologian" Literary Society, whose history is contained elsewhere in this number.

After the struggle of '61-'65 her sons or her son's sons returned to her sacred walls, and on October 5, 1866, they reorganized the Mu Sigma Rho Society. At this noble meeting the following gentlemen were present: Messrs. C. Bryce, B. Code, J. T. Carpenter, E. B. Chaney, H. Ford, O. W. Hughart, T. Hughes and C. T. James, students, and Professors Harris and Harrison, of the faculty. C. T. James was elected president.

Thus the Mu Sigma Rho again took up her work of training men to think, to write and to speak. Her hall was beautifully decorated, and there were placed upon two beautiful pedestals, "Demosthenes" and "Cicero." And in her hall to-day her present members may stand, looking into the noble face of Demosthenes, and gather from him some of his eloquence, and looking into the face of Cicero may receive the inspiration sufficient to make their oratory equal, if not surpass, the old Latin orator himself.

And now in the fifty-seventh year of our existence we are bound together, striving to keep constantly in view the three noble objects inscribed on our badge and adopted as our motto—Mousa, Sophia, Rhetorike.





### Members of the Mu Sigma Rho Society.

E. L. Ackiss,	E. M. Luck,
J. H. Brothers,	S. D. Martin,
G. M. Betty,	W. R. D. Moncure,
H. A. Bowen,	J. B. Peters,
V. Camp,	W. A. Peters,
H. B. Crockett,	A. C. Poehlig,
W. O. Crockett,	O. M. Richardson,
T. C. Campbell,	A. W. Robertson,
A. J. Chewning, Jr.,	E. W. Ready,
J. F. Cropp, Jr.,	J. H. Ricks,
L. E. Cutchins,	G. W. Sadler,
G. F. Ezekiel,	Roscoe Spenser,
H. S. Goehler,	W. R. L. Smith, Jr.,
A. T. Griffith,	A. H. Straus,
H. B. Gilliam,	A. L. Straus,
C. T. Gardner,	E. P. Stringfellow,
C. H. Goodwin,	J. L. Stringfellow,
J. H. Gwathmey,	T. C. Selby,
J. W. Beveridge,	J. S. Tilman,
T. H. Howard, Jr.,	C. G. Willis,
E. M. Heller,	R. G. Willis,
J. J. Hulcher,	J. B. Woodward, Jr.,
B. C. Jones,	J. S. Wright,
Laney Jones,	H. Winfrey,
T. L. Kerse,	W. J. Young.





MU SIGMA RHO SOCIETY.







## The Philologian Society.

BY WILLIAM GRATTAN PAYNE.

AT the beginning of the session of 1855-56 there existed at Richmond College only one literary society, the Mu Sigma Rho, which was crowded to its fullest capacity. There was no spirit of rivalry between the different members, and consequently society work dragged along in a dull and uninteresting manner. This state of affairs was not satisfactory, and on the night of October 8, 1855, a small number of the society members, together with a few of the students not belonging to the Mu Sigma Rho, met, in order to "make arrangements for organizing a new society."

Mr. W. L. Penick presided over the meeting, and appointed Dr. William E. Hatcher chairman of a committee to draw up a constitution and by-laws for the government of the body. The name Philologian was presented by Dr. Charles H. Ryland, and unanimously chosen as suitable for the proposed society. Three nights later the constitution and by-laws drawn up by the appointed committee, were adopted by a body of sixteen students, and on October 12, 1855, the Philologian Literary Society was duly organized and the following officers elected: W. L. Penick, President; R. B. Boatwright, First Vice-President; J. A. McLaughlin, Second Vice-President; C. H. Ryland, Recording Secretary; T. J. Binford, Corresponding Secretary; J. T. Tomkies, Critic; A. C. Carlton, Treasurer; William E. Hatcher, Chairman of the Board of Managers; Harvey Hatcher, First Assistant; T. D. Jeffress, Second Assistant.

The real literary work of the society commenced at once, and commenced in earnest. One week from the night of organization the members participated in a debate and in other literary exercises. It is a very significant fact, as throwing light upon the general trend of the thought in the minds of these men, that the first question they debated should have been, "Does the Anticipation of the Future or the Memory of the Past Afford Greater Pleasure to the Mind?" and that this question should have been decided in the affirmative by the ballot of the majority of the society.



Regular members continued to join the new society from the student body, and within one month the following honorary members also had been elected: President Ryland, Professors Dabney, Christian, Turner, Hall, Puryear, of the College; and Drs. J. L. Burrows, J. B. Jeter, R. B. C. Howell, of the city of Richmond.

Of course, the early work of the society was crude and immature, but it was a new project; many of the men were untried, and all of them were laboring under hard and unfavorable circumstances. The facts enumerated below will serve to give a clear insight into existing conditions. It was resolved to use candles for lights, and that "the managers be instructed to purchase six cheap candlesticks, not to exceed 12½ cents apiece, for the society, and also a box to keep them in." It was further "agreed to employ Little Bill to make a fire in our hall every Friday night," and "that we have a set of shelves made for our library, said shelves to be made nicely and covered with calico." Following are some of the first questions debated: "Is it Beneficial to a Young Man at College to Visit the Ladies?" "Which is Worse, a Bad Education or No Education?" "Which Will Man Exert Himself More for—Money or Woman?" "Which is Preferable, the City or Country Life?" "Which is More Useful, Fire or Water?"

On February 15, 1856, it was decided by the members of the society that they start a paper which they called "The Classic Gem," to be read before the society every week, and "to be of the size of two sheets of large letter paper stuck together. \* \* \* " This paper was read to the assembled society for the first time on the night of February 22, 1856, and, according to the society minutes, it "proved to be very interesting—something which 'Philologists' only can write."

Thus was the society work carried on until April 12, 1861, when there was held the last regular meeting to take place before the Civil War. At this meeting the members, just before separating to throw themselves and their all into a struggle for the cause which their convictions told them was right and just, debated this question, "Which Has more Influence Over Man—the Hope of Reward or the Fear of Punishment?" On April 22, 1861, a meeting was called, and as recorded in the minutes of the society, the body was "adjourned (for an indefinite space of

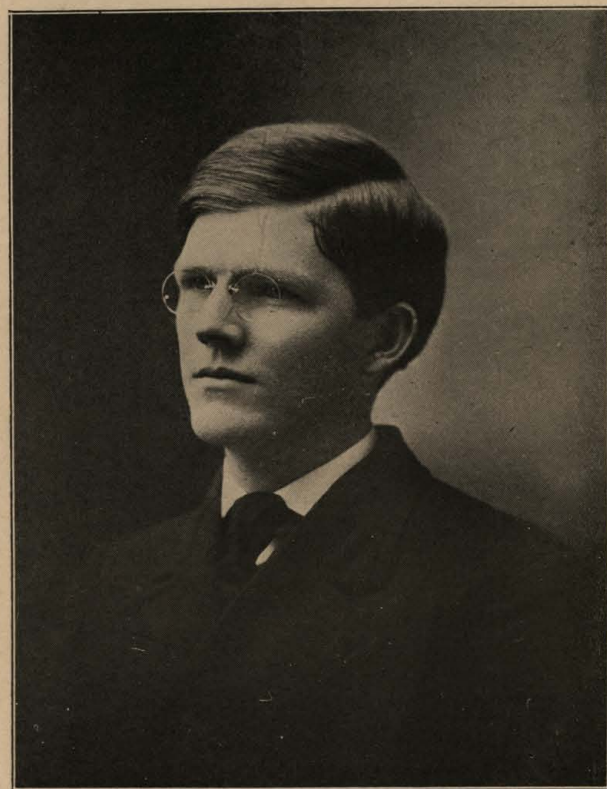




K. L. BURTON,  
President First Term.



DANA TERRY,  
President Second Term.



WILLIAM GRATTAN PAYNE,  
President Third Term.







time, not knowing when they would meet again, since most were going home to fight Black Republicans and Free Negroes)."

However, this "indefinite space of time" ended in the fall of 1867, when the society was reorganized with three former members and twenty-one new ones. During the following spring the present hall of the society was furnished, and ever since that time the Philologian Society has met there regularly during each session of Richmond College.

Ever since its organization the society has stood for honest, thorough and hard work. She has won certainly her share of college honors. A representative number of her members have always been among the leaders in every movement of interest in the student body; and she is proud to point among her former members to men whose names and works are known throughout the length and breadth of the land. She is standing upon a firm and sure foundation. Small and inconspicuous was her beginning, rapid and phenomenal has been her growth, bright and hopeful is the outlook for her future.





## Members of the Philologist Society.

C. B. Arendall,  
G. R. Andrews,  
H. M. Bowling,  
O. L. Bowen,  
T. H. Binford,  
W. S. Brooke,  
Napoleon Bond,  
Edmundo Belfort,  
R. L. Beale,  
A. B. Bass,  
K. L. Burton,  
J. S. Cobb,  
W. G. Coleman,  
Clay Cole,  
R. H. Daniel,  
D. N. Davidson,  
J. W. Decker,  
A. O. Edmondson,  
J. L. Elmore,  
S. H. Ellyson,  
R. W. Grant,  
J. F. Gulick,  
S. G. Harwood,  
E. W. Hudgins,  
R. J. Howard,  
J. B. Hill,  
Linwood Harris,  
J. K. Ingram,  
H. B. Jennings,

L. W. Jenkins,  
J. H. Jones,  
——— Jones,  
E. M. Louthan,  
F. G. Louthan,  
P. M. Mills,  
A. Y. Maynard,  
H. C. Miller,  
J. B. Miller,  
J. W. Nottingham,  
W. G. Payne,  
L. J. Pack,  
T. E. Peters,  
C. B. Powell,  
L. C. Quarles,  
O. B. Ryder,  
B. L. Rhodes,  
F. Ruckman,  
J. E. Rowe,  
E. Sydnor,  
S. T. Snellings,  
A. L. Shumate,  
Dana Terry,  
A. J. Terry,  
J. H. Terry,  
W. M. Thompson,  
G. T. Waite,  
A. F. Young.





PHILOLOGIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.













MR. E. A. DUNLAP,  
Athletic Director.



# Athletics

## Foot-Ball in Richmond College.

BY HENRY GEORGE, MANAGER.

TWO things are characteristic of Richmond—a bad beginning, followed by a glorious ending, and the never-say-die spirit that wins. In the past session Richmond College had one of the greatest football teams in her history, and yet she started the season losing to Woodbury Forest. It is the sheer grit of the gridiron heroes, which counts for gains, however much she be outweighed, and which wins our glorious Alma Mater thousands of admirers. So great was the excitement at times this year that enthusiasm almost reached the height of true college spirit, where every professor, student, janitor and street gamin roots for the home team.

Defeats in good doses followed one another when the University of Virginia defeated us 22 to 0, and we lost to Randolph Macon 0 to 6. Then came the bracer which showed the true mettle of the team, and they held A. and M., of North Carolina, to a tie—0 to 0. Those who saw V. P. I. play A. and M. in Richmond Thanksgiving, aver she played no such game as against Richmond in the fiercest fight ever contested on the Raleigh field. Then the next day the team went up against University of North Carolina, and the "little demons" fought their huge antagonists to a finish in the first half, and through sheer exhaustion lost by twelve points in the last. Human endurance has its limits, even among Richmond College football players. But the next week we went to Charlottesville, and sprung the biggest surprise on the University of Virginia ever sprung on her home field, when the great Johnson was only able to pull his game out of the fire by a meager 12 to 6, Richmond College scoring a goal and touchdown. It was after this A. and M. game that the students, 150 strong, met the team with banners and decorated busses to parade the city.



On November 3d, we dumped two carloads of rooters into the historic town of Williamsburg, and took the town for a day; also the championship game from William and Mary—24 to 0. The days of defeat were over, the season of victory had come. Roanoke College went down in defeat, 6 to 29. Like the yellow cur, Hampden-Sidney tucked its tail and ran, thus forfeiting the game. The doughty beef-eaters from V. M. I. followed suit, being defeated 6 to 4, breaking the goose-egg with a field goal, but never crossing Richmond's line. Some seventy-five picked rooters and the team celebrated at the Academy that night as the guests of Mr. Paul Gilmore, who was playing "At Yale." Tuneful songs and enthusiastic cheers gave enjoyment to the occasion and gained applause from the audience.

On November 24th (memorable day), the heartily hated rivals, Randolph-Macon, went down in the dust before 2,000 people in a beautiful game. A brilliant forward pass to "Sugar" Wright, Elmore's brilliant dash of fifty yards on another pass for a touchdown, a plunge for the final, an agonizing first half, 17 to 0—the Championship was ours. That night two hundred ghostly figures awakened Richmond with din of cheers and songs, and the blazing glory of their bonfires.

Thus the story of the season, "most glorious senior year, that in the future, the long ago, I'll sigh for with a tear." The prospects for next year are good. Most of the seasoned material of this year are expected to return, and rumors are afloat of certain other stars from academy teams hailing this way. But what Richmond College does not get she develops, so that any team in this State may well hustle for a score.

The schedule is approximately complete, as follows:

September 28—Woodberry Forest vs. Richmond College, at Richmond.

October 2—University of Virginia vs. Richmond College, at Charlottesville.

October 5—Maryland Agricultural College vs. Richmond College, at Richmond.

October 12—Agricultural and Mechanical College, of North Carolina, vs. Richmond College, at Richmond.

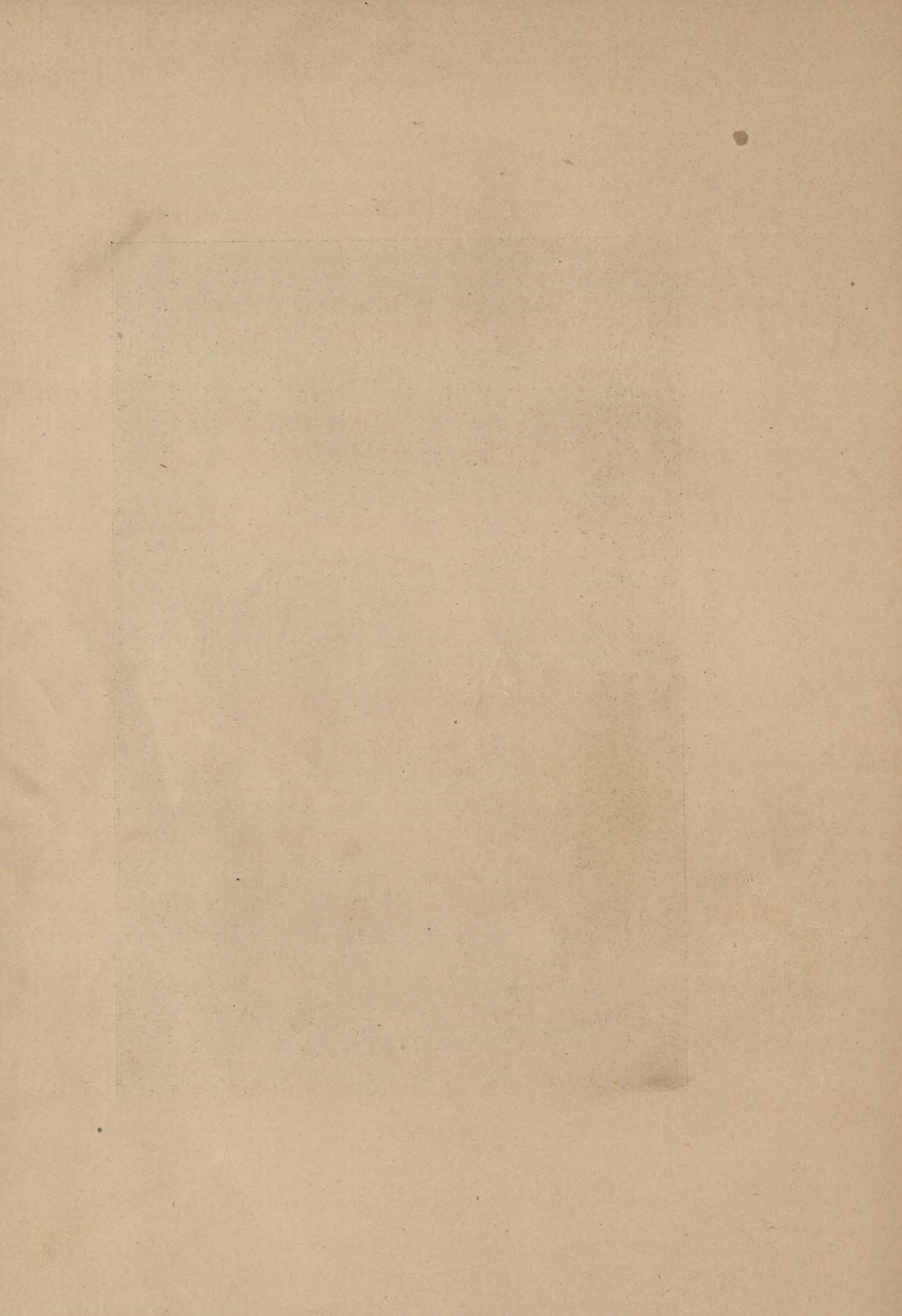




FOOTBALL TEAM, '06.

Handwritten notes and scribbles on the left margin, including the word 'Football' and various illegible markings.







October 19—Randolph-Macon vs. Richmond College, at Richmond.

October 28—Agricultural and Mechanical College, of North Carolina, vs. Richmond College, at Raleigh.

November 2—Washington and Lee vs. Richmond College, at Lexington.

November 9—Hampden-Sidney vs. Richmond College, at Richmond (championship).

November 16—University of North Carolina vs. Richmond College, at Chapel Hill, N. C.

November 23—Randolph-Macon vs. Richmond College, at Richmond (championship).

November 28—William and Mary vs. Richmond College, at Newport News, Va.





## Track Teams.

BY JOHN H. GWATHMEY, MANAGER.

**G** LANCING back over the season in track athletics at College this year, no Richmond College man can feel ashamed of the showing his team has made. It is hard for a person not witnessing a meet to know just how much it means to win an event, and it is always difficult to form a clear conception of the comparative strength of the opponents over whom these events are won. The newspapers, unfortunately, give only the names of the winners and the time or distance, but in every event of the four meets entered this year, although their names may not have occurred in the newspaper accounts, there have been entered strong men from all the colleges and universities best known in track athletics in this section of the country.

In summing up the successes and reverses of the team for the year, it might be said that Virginia has been the most formidable competitor that the College has had. George Washington is second in the number of points won over Richmond College, and Georgetown third. On the other hand, the College team has won more points over Virginia than any other institution, mainly due to the fact that Virginia entered so many men in the outdoor meet at Charlottesville; that Richardson so consistently beat Worbury in the dashes, and that the College was stronger in throwing the hammer and putting the shot. Very few of the smaller colleges have sent men to the indoor meets, and when they have, they have been outclassed. Washington and Lee entered the Charlottesville meet, and came out with three points, as opposed to Richmond's seventeen. Randolph-Macon sent one or two men to the indoor meet at the Horse Show Building, and William and Mary entered the Norfolk meet, and neither one got a point. Out of the four meets entered, the Spiders captured eleven gold, six silver and six bronze medals for first, second and third places, to say nothing of the fourth places. This is a remarkable showing, when it is considered that a majority of these medals were won over the strongest teams in the South Atlantic States.

There is a movement on foot for next year to encourage relay racing among the colleges, and to induce all the colleges to main-





TRACK TEAM.

ROBERTSON.	GWATHNEY, Manager.	Coach DUNLAP.
Capt. GOOCH.	LOUTHAN.	WAITE.
		RICHARDSON.
		MILLER.







tain standing relay teams. The College has run only two relay races this season, winning one and losing one. The race with Georgetown at the Horse Show Building was lost by a small margin after Luck's two falls in turning the corners, and it must be said that, in cancelling the race arranged in Washington without giving any plausible excuse, Georgetown didn't cover herself with any glory. The race with William and Mary in Norfolk, March 16th, was quite amusing, but rather uninteresting, as a track meet. The race was a farce from the start, and William and Mary was ridiculously outclassed. Next year especial effort will be made to turn out a winning relay team, and a heavy relay schedule will be arranged.

The managers of the teams hereafter will keep an accurate account of all contests in which Richmond College men are entered, and all records will be kept. Miller holds the State record for the year, putting the 16-pound shot, 36 feet 9 inches, and throwing the hammer, 102 feet 3 inches. Richardson won the 220 dash from Maubury of Virginia; also winning the 100 yard dash in 10 seconds flat. Gooch at Norfolk won the 50-yard dash in 5 3-5 seconds; also jumped 20 feet 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches at the Virginia meet. So much for the best records of the year.



## Base-Ball.

BY E. W. HUDGINS.

IN other departments of College life there has been an unbroken series of successes, but in the baseball department there is much that is disappointing. Manager Coleman failed to return to College, thereby necessitating the election of a manager. The executive committee decided that Mr. K. L. Burton would be best suited to fill this vacancy. In February, before the schedule was complete, Mr. Burton was compelled to leave College, much to the regret of us all. Again the committee had thrown upon its shoulders the burden of choosing a man who could complete the schedule as begun by Mr. Burton. Mr. Davis was finally elected.

While he has given the team practically no trips, yet he has managed to pay his expenses—a thing that is often overlooked by the less thoughtful students.

On January 1st Coach Dunlop and Captain Richardson began practice in the gymnasium with a squad of seventy-five men. This was kept up until the middle of March, when outdoor work began. Among the old men applying for places on the team were: Captain Richardson, "Billy" Smith, "Ike" Gardner, "Senator" Martin, "Buster" Luck, "Tip" Saunders and Miller. The new men who have made a creditable showing are: Lodge, Denny Wright, Ezekiel, G. Wright, Bob Gwathmey, Bristow and Chewing.

The season opened with Richmond College arraigned against the Princeton nine. It was not expected that we should win from this strong team, so nobody was disappointed by the score of 16 to 2. The game brought out many weak points to be strengthened, as well as showing that Denny was an excellent pitcher.

In the game with Richmond League, on April 4th, the College team made a very good record, losing to the professionals by the score of 10 to 7.

Manager Davis expected to take the aggregation down to view the exposition grounds, as well as to defeat William and Mary in





BASEBALL SQUAD.







Newport News on April 6th and 13th. Rain prevented on both occasions.

On April 16th Trinity College defeated Richmond College by score of 4 to 0 in an intensely interesting contest. Again the new pitcher, Denny, exhibited good headwork, several times pulling himself out of some pretty tight places.

The boys defeated Randolph-Macon in Ashland on April 22d by the score of 7 to 4. Miller pitched an excellent game, except that he was a little wild in his throwing at times.

Wet grounds and slippery balls made the game with Davidson, on April 23d, devoid of much interest. In the ninth inning, with three men on bases and no outs, score 3 to 1 against us, our boys failed to make a single hit, thereby losing the contest. Lodge had his finger broken in this game, and will be out for the season.

Monday, May 6th, we lost to William and Mary a hard-fought battle. In the first inning three of William and Mary's men crossed the home plate, and before the ninth, they had rolled up four more scores to their credit. In the fifth our team made four runs, and one more in the sixth. In the seventh Martin connected for a home-run. Amid yells of the William and Mary rooters and counter yells from Richmond College, Lewis, for William and Mary, retired the side in the ninth inning, although there were three men on bases and no outs. Final score, 7 to 6.

Only two more games are to be played before close of season—Friday, May 10th, against Hampden-Sidney, in Farmville, and Monday, May 13th, with Randolph-Macon, in Richmond. We feel confident of winning both games, but even then there is no chance for the championship cup, inasmuch as William and Mary has already secured this trophy.



## **The Young Men's Christian Association.**

THE WORK OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF  
THE COLLEGE FOR THE SESSION 1906-07.

BY E. M. LOUTHAN.

IT is a difficult task which we are set to accomplish, mainly for the reason that it is almost impossible to tell of the work done and to estimate (or attempt to estimate) the good accomplished by what we know has been done. We should probably best deal with this subject in a chronological way.

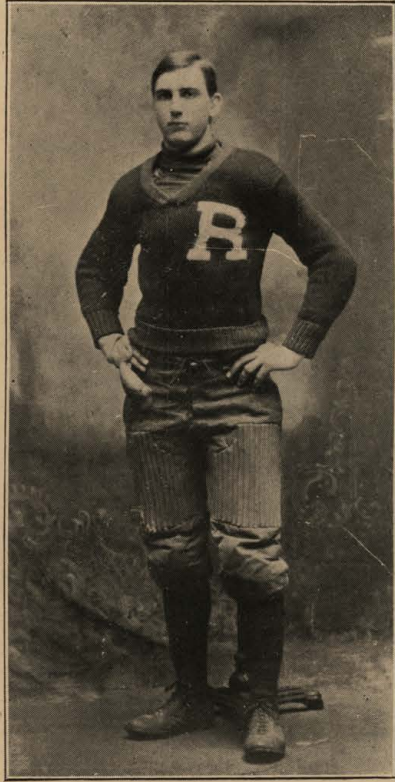
At the opening of the session the members of the Y. M. C. A. felt it their duty to see the new men, make them feel at home, and especially to invite and encourage them to identify themselves with this organization of college life. This, however, has never been accomplished as well as we would all desire, for we wish to see every man in College identified with this Christian organization, whereas we can say that we have only about thirty per cent. of the men enlisted.

The next work of the Association was to enlist men in regular systematic Bible classes. These classes are three in number, and are conducted by three efficient members of the faculty—Professor W. A. Harris conducting the class in the Old Testament characters; Professor W. H. Whitsitt, the class in the Acts and Epistles, and Professor R. E. Gaines, the class in the Life of Christ. In these three classes this year were enrolled about sixty members. The faculty has attached so much importance to Bible study that it has seen fit to count each of the classes completed as one point for the degree.

Another of the duties of the Association is to enroll men in mission study. These classes are led by student members of the Association. The texts used are books by competent authors on different fields of missionary activity. This year there are twenty or more men enrolled in these classes. This is not nearly so large a number enlisted in this work as we should like, and we can but hope for better things in the future.

As we said in the beginning, the task would be too great to try to enumerate all of the work of the Association, so we will only try to touch on a few others points.





MR. O. R. THRAVES,  
Captain Football Team.







It is the aim of the Association to have some work for all of its members. This is accomplished by holding religious meetings at different places in the city, such as the Virginia Home for Incurables, the Old Soldiers' Home, the Almshouse, and other similar institutions. This work affords an opportunity for all of the members of the Association to do religious work. The experience gained in this way is very advantageous for the men to learn to appear before public audiences as speakers and leaders.

Probably the meetings that the students are as much helped by as any are the regular midweek prayer services that are held on Thursday evening of each week for about half an hour. It is to be regretted that the majority of the students do not attend these meetings, but it is with interest and much joy that we note the good attendance which, as a rule, is present.


In February of each year is held the Virginia State Y. M. C. A. Conference, to which we send a good delegation. These men return with new ideas for the benefit of the work in College.

But the greatest conference of all is the Southern Students' Conference, held at Asheville, N. C., just after commencement. We try to send a delegation of picked men there, who will be back the next year, to bring to the Association the good they have gained from the conference.

We know the Association is not doing as great a work as it might. However, we do not despair, but, continually striving, we trust we may accomplish more and more as time goes by.



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# Editorial

With this number we present to the public our jubilee issue of **THE MESSENGER**. Some months ago it was decided to publish an enlarged copy of the magazine, as a means on the part of the students of celebrating the **JUBILEE MESSENGER**. seventy-fifth anniversary of our College. Since

that time work to this end has been pushed, and has culminated in a magazine which, we trust, will meet the approval of all interested in the work of **THE MESSENGER** and of Richmond College.

The current number is the result, in large measure, of the efforts of Mr. W. J. Young, who was appointed special assistant editor for this issue. He has been a most efficient worker in every department, taking upon himself the labor of the business management, as well as collecting material and assisting in the editing. When we came to go over the material for final approval, we found abundant evidence of the painstaking care he had exercised. In the matter of editing we are also greatly indebted to Professor J. C. Metcalf, who at every stage of the work has shown the greatest interest, assuming the strenuous labor of going over almost all the material submitted for publication.

We have met with kind advice and assistance from a number of the professors, to all of whom we desire to express our most sincere appreciation.

While we are expressing our gratitude for assistance from those who are not on the regular **MESSENGER** staff, we must not fail to mention Mr. A. J. Terry, who has worked earnestly in procuring subscriptions for the magazine, and on whom falls the duty of delivering the copies ordered.

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The present session has shown encouraging signs of awakened interest in the work of the literary societies. We are indeed happy to note this fact. Membership in a literary society is worth as much as, and we are tempted to say more than, membership in a class.

**THE LITERARY  
SOCIETY WORK**



The reason is obvious. College life is, primarily, character building. Nothing is more conducive to character building than association—association with men—with good men. The men who join literary societies are, as a rule, good, earnest fellows. They seek self-improvement. They desire that others should come in with them and enjoy their privileges. Association with these men is uplifting. It gives one the opportunity to study human nature in the various exercises of the debating hall.

Character building, we say, is the true object of college life, and the association of men in the halls of the societies is an excellent means of attaining this end. But this is not the only thing that makes literary society work helpful. The literary society encourages self-reliance and initiative. Too much application to text-books tends to make a man one-sided. He does not develop his practical nature. The practical side with the college man is that of leadership. The work of literary societies gives men the qualities essential to the leader. It makes them trust in themselves; it gives them the ability to make their convictions known and felt.

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When we consider the work of a College we most naturally begin by looking over its past. We place our confidence in an institution of high traditions and lofty ideals. We are drawn toward the college that has long stood the test of time. We like to be associated with an institution which has a long and honored list of alumni. From them we draw our inspiration, and we strive to attain to their ideals.

**THE SIGNIFICANCE  
OF THE WORK OF  
RICHMOND COL-  
LEGE.**

Richmond College is not the most ancient seat of learning in our knowledge. It has not the longest list of alumni. Nevertheless, it is no longer young. At the close of the present session it is seventy-five years old. Many distinguished sons have passed through the old halls in this period of time. It is to these honored sons that we look for evidence of the significance of the College's work in the past. They are at present upholding her standard before the world.

While we glory in the past, we must not make the mistake of laying too much stress on it. The things of greatest moment to



us are the present and the future. What is the significance of the work of Richmond College in connection with our present time and the time to come after us? To answer this question we must first look at some of the conditions our people face.

We are standing amid the surroundings of a mighty era. The past century has been one of wonderful achievement. The seemingly impossible has been accomplished. We must bear in mind, however, that to bring about many of the wonderful accomplishments of the past century we have laid a mighty drain on our virgin resources. Our forests and mines are being rapidly worked up. When the virgin resources are exhausted, we must turn to other methods.

A condition which faces the people of the South is that of an impoverished soil. It is a sad story, too long to tell—misguided management, war, destruction. We are just recovering from our terrible setback.

Still another condition which is of vital interest, first of all to Southerners, is due to the fact that we have two widely different races living in the same country and under the same laws.

These are a few of the questions that face us. There are others, but these are representative enough for our purpose. We come now to our question of the significance of the work of Richmond College in relation to these problems.

Richmond College occupies a strategic position. Situated in the capital of Virginia, and the sentimental capital of the South, she has a wonderful opportunity for expanding and radiating her influences.

In respect to the first problem mentioned, we would say that the significance of the College lies in her ability to train men along scientific lines of thought. When virgin resources are exploited, people must go at a slower rate than before. Riches cannot be heaped up in an old country with the rapidity with which they are accumulated in a new land. Our College must train its students to develop and make use of scientific methods to meet the new condition of explored resources. That this is the solution of this problem is evident from a glance at the nations who have introduced scientific methods most extensively, as, for example, Germany.



When we come to consider the significance of the work of the College in relation to the second problem, we find ourselves placed in a difficult position. We realize conditions in the South. A wasteful system of agriculture has depleted the soil, and the problem is to reclaim it. Now, to indicate the kind of work which the College may be expected to do in meeting this adverse condition is no easy task. Efforts for the recovery of the soil have just begun. One of our faculty has shown himself most interested in the movement. We think we see the true significance of the work of the College along this line from the spirit of his efforts. The College is to teach men to be public-spirited citizens. The task is to inspire the men who go out from our halls into the world to active, constructive effort. This problem is only typical. There are others, and what we say of this one applies to all equally as well.

Finally, what is the significance of the work of the College in relation to our great race problem? In answer to this question, we submit the proposition that, if the work of a college counts for anything, it is to encourage broad-mindedness and sympathy. Let the College instill into the minds of the students a sympathetic broad-mindedness, and the duty of the institution is, in large measure, performed. Sympathetic men of wide range of vision are the men to cope with this delicate problem.

We have gone into the significance of the work of the past to show what Richmond College has stood for. We have reviewed three representative problems of the present and indicated the lines along which lies the significance of the College's work for the future. We think that from these things we may draw the conclusion that the true significance of the work of the College is the training of men to interpret the conditions which the country faces, and in a broad, sympathetic spirit to act as leaders in the solution of the questions which arise out of any given conditions.

Nothing is more typical of the relation existing between the College and its alumni than that of the mother and the child. The  
**THE ALUMNI AND  
THE COLLEGE.**      alumnus is a part of the College. He has developed out of the life of the College. He has drawn his life from that of the College, and the College, in turn, draws on him for subsistence.



This issue of THE MESSENGER is largely for the Alumni. We have worked it up with them constantly in view. We trust that they will read it with interest. In this, our closing editorial, we beg permission to suggest a few of the means by which we conceive the Alumni can, and are in duty bound, to assist their Alma Mater.

In the first place Alumni may inform their friends in the faculty of events of significance in their lives, and can thus let themselves be known as College men, who are exemplifying the truth of the claims that a college lays for preparing men for work of real significance.

In the second place they may keep up a live interest by frequent visits to Alma Mater.

In the third place their constant interest and helpfulness are assured by their connection with local alumni associations, and by an active membership in the General Alumni Association.

In the fourth place Alumni can render real aid to the College by placing tokens of remembrance in the library and art hall.

In the fifth place an occasional note to THE MESSENGER will greatly encourage those who are striving to uphold its interests.

In the sixth place let every alumnus see that there is always at least one student from his locality in College.

In the seventh place every alumnus should send a copy of everything he publishes, whether article, pamphlet or book, to the College library.

In the eighth place invitations on the part of the Alumni to professors to visit their communities and make the College known are always in order.

In the ninth place candid expression of opinion by Alumni on any matter of importance will always be welcomed by the authorities.

In the tenth place Alumni should call for and assist in preparing material for large Alumni bulletins, giving information about all those who have attended the College.

In the eleventh place we want to throw out the suggestion that it might be a good thing for the Alumni to adopt a badge similar to those used by the G. A. R. and Confederate Veterans, by which



they might be distinguished in large educational gatherings and other meetings of a similar nature.

We have made these suggestions not because we desire to complain of the interest of the Alumni in the past. We are proud of their interest. We feel that they are doing their part nobly. We believe, however, that they can make themselves more largely felt. We desire to see them do so.

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### **The Bonnie Girl.**

O she is wondrous fair,  
With redundant wavy hair,  
Of wind-blown ringlets rare—  
Bonnie Girl.

There's grace in every pose,  
From the inward turn of her toes  
To the upward tilt of her nose—  
Bonnie Girl.

Her merry dimples, they bring  
The fresh blown roses of spring  
To the cheeks of the dainty thing—  
Bonnie Girl.

But whatever her color be,  
The turn of her toes,  
The shape of her nose,  
She  
Is the one girl in the world for me—  
Bonnie Girl.

—*The Laddie.*



# Campus Notes *and* Grinds

By C. Baker Arendall.

("Legs" Robertson, calling on his girl. The pet dog runs out and nabs his foot.) Girl (coming to door): "Wait there, 'Rixie'; you've got hold of more than you can handle."

Dr. Mitchell (in Senior History): "That's right, Mr. Elmore; can you tell me what is the Eternal City?"

E.: "Yes, Doctor, Jerusalem."

Dr. M.: "Yes, yes; give me your authority."

E.: "I think I read it in Revelation."

A. H. Straus: "Say, what is this Y. M. C. A., anyhow, and what has D. Terry to do with it?"

Cropp: "He is president."

S.: "What is his *functionary*?"

Dr. Metcalf (in Senior Literature): "Mr. Davidson (D. N.), what is a holocaust?"

D.: "It is some kind of a worm, I think."

Dolph Terry (walking into the room of Mack Louthan, who was shaving): "What are you doing, Mack?"

Mack: "I am cutting whiskers."

T.: "I didn't know you had math this period."

Hudgins: "Better to have loved a short girl than never to have loved (a) tall."

Prof. Metcalf (quizzing on Browning's Saul): "Mr. Chewing, will you tell us the relation of Abner to Saul?"

C.: "Abner was Saul's slave."

(Payne and Davidson, going to State Library. The former was preparing a history of the Phil. Lit. Society, and the latter a paper on Oliver Cromwell.) Davidson: "Oliver Cromwell had a pimple on his face, didn't he?"

Payne (seriously): "He wasn't a member of our society, was he?"



Sydnor: "You look in Pool's Index to find anything you want in the Encyclopedia, don't you?"

Dr. Mitchell will make the commencement address in June at Colby University, Maine; at the Geray State College, Milledgeville; at the George Washington University, in the National Capital; at Richmond High School. We congratulate these schools on securing such a man.

The annual joint oratorical contest between the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian Literary Societies was held in the chapel Friday, May 12th. J. Braxton Miller, of the Philologian Society, was declared the winner of this year's medal.

(Billy Smith and others, calling into a window of Memorial Hall): "Come on, boys, we are going to have some fun."

(A voice from the window): "What's doing?"

S.: "We have fed this Billy Goat six seidlitz powders, and now we are taking him to the spigot to let him drink."

The joint debate between the literary societies of Richmond College and William and Mary was held at Williamsburg Friday night, April 26th. Straus and Binford represented old R. C., and the following telegram from O. B. Ryder, who accompanied tells the tale: "The cup is ours, boys. We'll bring her to Richmond on the 9:50 train to-morrow."

The great campaign for the half million dollars is progressing nicely. The office work is being conducted by President Boatwright, and campaign clubs are being organized in Baptist churches throughout the entire State. Dr. Hening is actively at work, and money is coming in every day.

We are happy to note that the Richmond Education Association passed a resolution a few days ago, endorsing most heartily our efforts to raise this money, and pledging itself to do whatever it can to make the campaign a complete success.

Preacher Sawyers (talking enthusiastically to his congregation): "Men and brethren, two ways are open before you—the broad and narrow way, which leads to perdition, and the straight and crooked way, which leads to damnation."



The following true story is told on F. Ruckman:

He was on for debate in one of the literary societies, and had left his speech in his room. He managed to mumble out a few words, and then said: "Mr. President and gentlemen, I shall conclude my remarks by using the beautiful words of the immortal—of the immortal—I declare, I've forgotten the gentleman's name—and—and—I'll be danged if I haven't forgotten what he said, too."

Richmond College men are always "*up-to-date*," it matters not where you find them, and that characteristic was particularly in evidence at the "hop" given by our students at Belvidere Hall Thursday, April 25th. The following professors graced the occasion with their presence: Drs. Foushee, McNeil and Bingham.

The following clipping from the *Times-Dispatch* explains itself:

### **Richmond Wins Medal.**

MR. J. BRAXTON MILLER CAPTURES COVETED ORATORICAL  
TROPHY.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

SALEM, VA., May 3.—The Virginia State Oratorical Association held the seventeenth annual contest here to-night. Six colleges and the University of Virginia were represented, and an enthusiastic crowd greeted the speakers. Both the delivery and material of the speeches were good. The medal was awarded to Mr. J. Braxton Miller, of Richmond College."

The Virginia State Oratorical Association held the seventeenth annual contest here to-night. Six colleges and the University of Virginia were represented, and an enthusiastic crowd greeted the speakers. Both the delivery and material of the speeches were good. The medal was awarded to Mr. J. Braxton Miller, of Richmond College.

The editors of THE MESSENGER acknowledge with thanks the receipt of invitations to the marriage of Miss B. H. Turner, one of our most popular co-eds, to Mr. W. G. Coleman, of the '08 class. The happy event will take place immediately after commencement.



After the Norfolk meet, Mr. E. Howard Johnson and several other football men, who had on different occasions met Coach Dunlop on the gridiron, gave him a pressing invitation to join them in a soiree in honor of the winning teams. He thanked them, but the men on the track team would not trust their coach into the hands of the Philistines. They were afraid that rumors of the football team that we will turn out next year under his coaching might induce somebody to put a "*spider in his dumpling*."

V. G. Andrews (strolling up Monument Avenue with Miss ———): "Ah! there is the Davis Monument. How beautiful! What a grand conception! How do you like it, Miss ———?"

Miss ———: "Why, I think it is just perfectly lovely! But tell me, Mr. Andrews, what is that tall figure on that column above Mr. Davis?"

Mr. Andrews (looking wise): "Certainly, that is the *paregorical* figure Vindicatrix."

The track team reports that they did all they could to keep Mack and George from getting drunk in Norfolk, but all their efforts were in vain.

The Thomas lectures for the fall term were delivered by Dr. H. Morse Stevens, of the University of California, on the subject, "The European Background of the Settlement of Jamestown, 1607." Dr. Stevens is a man of genial and commanding personality, a true historian, and an eminent scholar. The Senior History Class from Randolph-Macon attended the lectures, and large audiences greeted the doctor each evening. It was a real inspiration to hear him.

Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Boatwright on Friday evening, May 3d, entertained the Senior Class and co-eds in a delightful reception at their home. The parlors were tastefully decorated in the class colors, maroon and white. Music, old-fashioned darky songs, recitations and a general jovial spirit contributed to make the occasion one of genuine pleasure. Luncheon and refreshments were served, and the boys forgot for the time being that on the morrow they would have to dine at Hotel de la Bouis. The hostess was dressed in black lace over silk, and was assisted in receiving by the young ladies of the College, who added much to the enjoyment of the evening. Miss



Mary Elizabeth, the two-year-old daughter, is a blossoming and chubby young lady, and right gracefully did she wear the honors of the occasion.

A rumor reaches us that Madam de la Bouis is much disturbed over the discovery of numerous "dope" bottles in the co-edury. Their presence is a mystery, quite unattributable to the young ladies, although the bottles were empty, and numbered sixteen. The number is condemning as circumstantial evidence. It may be noted as confirmatory of the rumor that various students picked up some broken necks under the windows next day.

Will some one please tell Professor Harris where T. E. Peters goes every Sunday night, and comes back Monday morning with a bad cold and (——) Greek?

Someone asked Captain Gooch what he had done with all his medals. He refused to answer, but it is rumored that from some source or other there has come a gold medal into almost every house on Third Street, to say nothing of other sections of the town.

Dr. Foushee is always up-to-date. Next year he will use a game of "Latin Authors" for the edification and instruction of his classes.

The only thing to mar the pleasure of the trip which our track team took to Virginia was the difficulty into which Miller got. The manager allowed him a dollar for his supper after the meet, but the poor fellow had to fork up another dollar out of his own pocket to appease his appetite.

(L. C. Quarles, in Eng. Bible): "Joseph was taken by his brethren and sold to the 'Camelites,' who in turn sold him to the Egyptians."

Miller threw the hammer 102 feet at the University, and the hammer threw one of the other contestants almost as far. Some heartless spectator declared that the other man ought to have the medal.

English Maxims:—"Every man in this life, should have a tank, which he can draw on."—Dr. J. C. M.



Note:—For this reason Senator Martin is establishing a rounda.

Justice Crutchfield to John Brothers: (The latter up for "moonshining"). "No sir, the Senior Chemistry plea won't hold."

The student body returns a unanimous vote of thanks to the faculty for securing again the services of our old friend, John Johnson.

A. H. Straus: "One vast substantial smile."

T. E. Peters: There's only one girl in the world for me."

N. Bond: "Let no man accost me unless he hath a weighty reason."

——— Pack: "Just give him time. He'll say it after awhile."

Bristow: "Little but loud."

Tricky Winston: "Up-to-date, that's all."

W. S. Brook: "Once 'twas fair to look upon."

Ben Turner: "O how cute!"

Miss Trevvett: "Graced as thou art, with all the power of words."

Ben Jones: "To hear him you'd believe an ass was practicing recitation."

Miss Montague: "Her face, O call it pure, not pale."

P's'd Boatwright: "Full well they laugh with counterfeited  
glee

At all his jokes, for many a joke hath he."

"Strawberry" Nottingham: "As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

Ye M. A. Class: "It is no task for suns to shine."

Daniel: "Always in need of a shave."

Miss Harrison. "Heaven bless the merry child."

Lawyer Howard: "Not a single path of thought I tread."

Wanted: Something to remove green spots—*All Rats.*



Miss Baker: "I am resolved to grow fat and look young at forty."

The Prof's: "How shall we rank thee on glory's page?"

Wanted of a Barber: "A *shampooon*."—E. P. Stringfellow.

Morgan: "The fashion wears out more apparel than the man."

During Base Ball Season: "Much study is a weariness of the flesh."

Miss Hubbard: "Her hair was not more sunny than her heart."

Wanted: "To meet a Richmond College *Cohort*."—Academy Rat.

H. C. Miller: "In truth he's but an infant wearing trousers."

Miss Barnes: "So cunning and so cute."

Wanted to Know: "When our *Angulor* will be out."—Sydnor.

No, Miss Brown and Miss Tyler are not twins.

Edmundson: "Doth not even nature itself teach thee that if a man have long hair it is a shame unto him?"

Go to Chapel: "Better late than never."

Miss Broadbuss: "The choicest nugget from Klondyke."

Cæsar Young: "Let heaven and man and devils, let them all,  
All, all cry shame against me, yet I'll speak."

Our Lawyers: "Thaw justice to the winds."

F. N. Hubbard: "As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form."

Miss Betty: "Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,  
And, like the sun, they strike on all alike."

Billy Black: "Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever."

Cole (of F'd'bg): "Too fresh to keep, too green to eat; throw it away."

Miss Smith: "Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman."



Sprigins Ellison: "Perhaps he'll grow (?)"

J. L. Stringfellow: "Who says I'm bow-legged? Or, I am to blame for this."

G. W. Blake: "Oh, for another face!"

A. L. Straus: "He gives that tired feeling you hear so much about."

Powell and Miss Blake: "Mutual love, the crown of our bliss."

Sam Harwood: "On their own merits modest men are dumb."

H. Braxton Miller: "But his tongue ran on, the less  
Of weighted bore of greater ease."

Tilman: "The man with the *laundry bag*."

"Sonnie" Elsom: "He is a little chimney, heated hot in a moment."

Miss Knapp: "A precious porcelain of human clay."

Edmundo Belfort: "He cannot lay eggs but he can cackle."

Dock Howard: "The trick of singularity."

McKinney: "He that hath no head needs no hat."

Paul Woodfin: "We grant, although he had much wit,  
He was very shy of using it."

Grimshaw: "Let's talk of graves, worms and epitaphs."

John Rogers: "O bed, bed, bed, delicious bed—  
That heaven and earth to the weary head."

Henning: "He that hath a wife hath a master."

Dinks Burruss: "The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on."

G. T. Waite: "I came up stairs into the world, for I was born in a cellar."

"Buster" Luck: "Ye little stars! hide your diminished rays."

Moncure: "And gentle dullness ever loves a joke."

Wanted to Know: Why Whiskers refused to put on Tricky's hat.

Davy Crocket: "He that runneth in circles."



# Alumni Department

BENJAMIN C. JONES, Editor.

*"These are my jewels."*

A NATION'S greatness is established in what it has produced. An individual's worth is proven by what he has done. And the quality of a College is registered in the men she has sent forth.

Richmond College weighed in the balance of this judgment is found par excellence on the front line. Her sons are among the most useful men in the land. More than five thousand have passed within her gates; and they have gone forth into the world, free, courageous, sympathetic and serviceable in the truth. Wherever found, in Church or State, conspicuous in public service or unobserved in obscure usefulness, they are the salt of the earth. If in the future Alma Mater sustains what she now has in her Alumni, her name, great and splendid, will endure eternally.

Here are the tidings of some which have come to our ear since the last issue of THE MESSENGER.

Josiah Morse, M. A. '99, Ph. D., Clarke University, has received high praise upon the publication of his book "Pathological Aspects of Religious Experience." Pres. E. Y. Mullins in reviewing this book says of it: "The book is quite interesting and valuable as an attempt to study scientifically the abnormal aspects of religion. Of course the Christian man whose interest in religion is practical rather than exclusively scientific and intellectual will sometimes feel impatient that the author holds himself in such restraint when dealing with the phenomena of Christianity and in his failing to pronounce upon some of the questions which enter vitally into the views held by the Christians themselves. We must concede, however, the value of this rigidly scientific investigation of the phenomena and forms of religious experience, and must hail with pleasure all books of this kind as contributing in the end to the highest and best things of the world."



Josiah Morse grew up in Richmond and came to the College as a graduate of the City High School. In the public schools he lead his classes, and some of his teachers predicted for him a career of distinction. In College he showed an unusual aptness for philosophy and allied subjects. He was a member of the Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society, and is remembered as a fellow who stuck tenaciously to intellectual pursuits even through adverse circumstances. At Clarke University he held a fellowship for four years, and received the degree of Ph. D. Pres. G. Stanley Hall contributed the introduction to his book. He lectured at Clarke College. He held one year, in the absence of the regular professor, the chair of Education in the University of Texas. The next number of the *International Journal of Ethics* will contain an article from him on The Psychology of Prejudice. He is now at work on a monograph on The Psychology of Fear. THE MESSENGER wishes him strength sufficient for every obstacle, and feels that he has a large and bright future.

Dr. W. C. Bitting, M. A., '77, is expected at the College during the Southern Baptist Convention. Dr. Bitting has lately gone to the Second Baptist Church of St. Louis. Dr. Bitting has done such an eminent work in New York City that we must say a few words about him. He was born in Hanover County, Va. He was educated in a private school and entered Richmond College where he received the M. A. degree at the age of twenty. He then went to Crozer Seminary and there graduated in 1880, He was minister two years at Luray, Va. From there he went to New York City where his congregation and his work increased manifold. Two years ago he went to St. Louis and now serves the same church of which Dr. J. B. Jeter and Dr. W. R. L. Smith, of this city, were formerly the pastors.

Dr. P. S. Henson, B. A., '49, it is hoped can be with us during the Convention. We think of his coming as the return to Alma Mater of her oldest son, for he is the oldest living graduate. Now at the age of seventy-six he is active in his field around Tremont Temple, Boston. And he is one of the most influential men in New England, and perhaps the most eminent minister in the Baptist Denomination. He was born in Fluvanna County, Va. Was graduated from the College at the age of seventeen. Stud-



ied at the University of Virginia two years. He then taught in several colleges and studied law. While he was in Richmond College he was converted and joined the First Baptist Church. Six years after he left College he decided to devote himself to the gospel ministry, and afterwards became pastor of the Fluvanna Baptist Church. Five years later he accepted a call to Philadelphia and for more than twenty years carried on a most successful work in that city. He is now at Tremont Temple, Boston, and is the living inspiration of a great congregation of people.

John Garland Pollard, '91, George Washington University, LL. B. '93, has recently scored marked success in the practice of law. But Alma Mater is even more pleased to see the wide field of his activity outside of his legal practice. He is one of the Commissioners of Uniform Legislation in the United States. He is the Virginia Chairman in the National Divorce Congress. The prominent part taken by him in the late Virginia Constitutional Convention; and his valuable work, the "Code of Virginia Annotated," in 1904, and followed by his "Bi-annual Code" of 1906, have been enough to make him a distinguished man. But yet he is young and growing. If any son of Alma Mater by the sheer work that he has done has won her highest honor of LL. D., it seems to THE MESSENGER it is John Garland Pollard.

Evan R. Chesterman, B. L., '96, is the chairman of the Press Committee of the Seventeenth Reunion of Confederate Veterans, which will take place in Richmond during the last of May. Although Mr. Chesterman for several years has carried the strenuous office of staff-member of a daily newspaper he has outside accomplished a work which is worthy of notice. He has edited two books by other authors. He has written pamphlets on subjects of public interest, and has contributed articles to different magazines. The *Times-Dispatch* contains his articles over the *nom de plume* of "The Idle Reporter." In these writings he has a rich vein of humor and a subtle wisdom which is very rare. In his style there is an individuality and a raciness which is effective and telling. These writings have given "The Whims of the Idler" a wide reputation, and to the readers of the *Times-Dispatch* they are one of the anticipated features of the Sunday number.



Upon leaving College he became the private secretary of Governor O'Ferrall, and was with him through the four years of his governorship. Between these two rare spirits there was a warm friendship which grew deeper as they knew each other. One of the last persons Governor O'Ferrall called to his side before his sad death was Mr. Chesterman, and probably he was the last whom he recognized. In Mr. Chesterman's library I saw Governor O'Ferrall's autobiographical book, "Forty Years of Active Service." In the front the Governor had written, a few months before his death, these lines:

"To Mr. Evan R. Chesterman":

I admire you for your brightness of intellect,

I honor you for your sterling qualities and nobility of character,

I love you for your friendship which has many times been tested and always found true."

Walter McSimon Buchanan, M. A., '91, has published a tract in the Japanese language, "The Universal Lord." He was born in Glasgow, Scotland. Graduated with M. A. at the age of twenty three. Three years later graduated at the Union Theological Seminary. The next year he went as a Presbyterian minister of the gospel to Takamatsu, Japan. He at once mastered the language and was able to speak to the people in nine months after his arrival. His work through the twelve years that have followed has been steadily successful. He is a strong, thoughtful man of untiring energy. He has won the name of being one of the most successful ministers of the Presbyterian denomination in the foreign field. He is one of the goodly number of men who, with the heroic purpose which animates him, are turning the splendid capacity of the Japanese people into higher ways of life.

Charles Marshall Graves, B. A., '96, was largely the father of the movement which has secured for Richmond a monument to Edgar Allan Poe. He began the movement and was its life spirit till it scored its success in obtaining the appropriation of \$5,000 from the City Council. Mr. Graves carries the arduous office of News Editor of the *Times-Dispatch*, yet in



the outside world of literature he has accomplished a great deal. He has published two books; namely, "Selected Poems and Letters of Poe" which contains a full biographical account of his Richmond associations. This book is used in New England schools as a text book and elsewhere as well as in the schools of Richmond. And "Poems and Letters of John R. Thompson" which is now in the press. His many magazine articles have been highly praised by the press. Some of them are these: "Landmarks of Poe in Richmond," in *The Century*; "Thompson the Confederate," in the *Lamp*, by C. Scribner & Sons; "R. E. Lee, Homeless," in *The World To-day*; "Pompeii of America," in the *New England Magazine*; "Notable Ecclesiastical Gift" and "New Stories of R. E. Lee," in *Harper's Weekly*. This charming, crimson-crested son has yet the dew of youth upon him, and faces a bright future in this Virginia-land where there are so many excellent subjects for a facile pen, and for one who loves the best in literature.

Dr. Garnett Ryland, M. A., '92, Professor of Chemistry at Georgetown College, has been preparing the part that institution will take in the Kentucky Exhibit at The Jamestown Exposition. His progressiveness has extended farther than Georgetown, even throughout that section of the State. He has not only succeeded splendidly in teaching natural science, but has also reached out and taken hold of the educational work of the bluegrass section. His genuine solidity of character is a mark of the great family to which he belongs. And in a peculiar sense the history of Richmond College is allied with the history of this family. The venerable Dr. Robert Ryland was the founder of the College. And ever since other members of the family have cherished the institution. Its success in recent years is largely due to Dr. Charles Ryland for the wisdom and care with which he has directed its policies as Secretary and Treasurer of the Board of Trustees.

John Watson Shepard, M. A., '01, who last year went from Lebanon, Tenn., where he held a pastorate, to Pernambuco, Brazil, writes back to the College something of his plan to establish a great educational institution at Rio, Brazil. A college and a seminary is to be the head of the system and affiliated with it there are to be secondary schools. Its primary object is to educate a native Baptist ministry. When we think of Robert Col-



lege at Constantinople, and think of what a dynamo of enlightenment it has been to the near East, and when we think of the need of South America, and know the qualification of Mr. Shepard, who is an experienced minister and a gifted teacher, and only at the age of twenty-six, we somehow feel that he is God-appointed. The Western Hemisphere belongs to the United States—not for political supremacy, but to lead in enlightenment and civilization. And that can be brought about only through the Church and Education.

Charles M. White, '88, located in Richmond with the Western Union Telegraph Co., has become one of the most skilful electricians in the employ of that company at its Richmond center. Mr. White is often present at the public lectures of the College, and he continues to keep up his classical and historical studies in a very fruitful manner.

D. J. Carver, M. A., '06, is at Hankow, China, about six hundred miles interior from Shanghai. In recent letters to Prof. S. C. Mitchell he gives a most informing account of social, educational, and political conditions in the Orient. Mr. Carver is representing an American firm. He states that in the autumn he expects to enter Johns Hopkins University for graduate work. With his ripe culture and wide travel Mr. Carver gives every evidence of becoming in the Southland a leader of distinction.

The local Richmond Chapter of Alumni held recently their annual meeting at the Chamber of Commerce. Mr. G. C. Jackson, '74, was elected President. Claude M. Dean, '98, was elected Secretary and Treasurer.

A General Alumni reunion dinner was given at the Jefferson Hotel on May the 17th. A large number of the "boys" were in Richmond at the Southern Baptist Convention at that time. On the afternoon of May 18th, the two literary societies, The Mu Sigma Rho and The Philologist, of the College had an "open-house" in their halls in honor of those who were in town at that time. A good time generally was enjoyed.

W. L. Prince, B. A., '98, is a perfect success as Head Master of the Richmond Academy. The boys are devoted to him; the patrons admire him; and the city is proud of his achievements. A man is the solution of all problems, and Prince was the man in



the case of the Academy. We could wish that he had a new building upon that most attractive site.

The College community was deeply saddened last month by the death of Benj. H. West, B. L., '99. He had kept up since his student days his connection with the College as Manager of the Refectory. He was succeeding in his law practice here in the city and was the father of a happy home. His faithfulness and earnestness were admired by all who knew him.

Last month also was saddened by the death of J. W. T. McNeil, M. A., '99. While in College he was very prominent, and was a student of unusual promise. He had pursued his studies further at the University of Chicago, but was compelled to give them up on account of failing health. He was engaged in the ministry of the gospel in New Mexico, where his death occurred.

H. Lee McBain, M. A., '00, expects to take his doctorate at Columbia University in History and Political Science in June. He has been working upon the extensive collection of Clinton papers. An experienced teacher, a forceful writer, and a thinker of independence, Mr. McBain is the type of man our country needs. He is primarily a publicist in spirit and aim.

S. H. Templeman, M. A., '05, when recently at the College subscribed fifty dollars to increase the endowment fund of the College, although he is at a university and upon his own resources. If other Alumni were as appreciative of Alma Mater the proposed half million would soon be raised.

E. S. Ligon, M. A., '99, will join the teaching corps of Richmond Academy in September. Mr. Ligon has made a name in Virginia as a successful teacher, and his coming to Richmond is a matter of congratulation upon the part of all friends of education.

Reuben H. Broadus, '02, in the Merchants National Bank, is succeeding well and is rapidly becoming identified with the business interests of the city.

Dr. Cullen S. Pitt, M. A., '01, is a member of the Adjunct Faculty of the University College of Medicine, and is practicing among the great number of excellent doctors of Richmond.

Leroy D. Grant, B. L., '97, is a partner in the real estate



firm, Harrison and Grant; and is one of the most substantial young business men of Richmond.

Dr. Charles E. Stuart, B. A., '97, has made things new at Venable Street Church, new in spirit and life. We wish we could see him more often at the College.

Powhatan James, B. A., '02, B. L., '05, is associated with John Garland Pollard, and gives a bright promise of building up a strong law practice in the capital city.

J. P. McCabe, M. A., '00, will graduate at the Louisville Seminary in June and assume the pastorate of the Baptist Church of Martinsville, Va.

Fred G. Pollard, B. A., '05, after winning the M. A. at the University of Virginia in one year, returned there this year to study law. He has been chosen President of the Law Class.

Henry Martin, M. A., '00, will win Ph. D. at Hopkins this year.





# Exchange Department

by W. GRATTAN PAYNE, '07.

THE *Randolph-Macon Monthly* is literally crammed full of good things packed into it like sardines in a box. We rarely find in one issue of any college magazine three poems so good as "The Derelict," "Homage to Whom Homage," and "Evening." The writer of "The Inheritance Tax" went straight to his subject, and stuck to it through the whole article. He showed that he knew exactly what he was talking about, and handled the subject in a very superior manner. We had just commenced to read "The Compressor" when the bell rang for dinner, but we read on, and by the time our meal was cold we came to that disgusting and disappointing, "to be continued." We will not tell you what we said, but we do not approve of a serial in a college magazine. Owing to the fact that "The Compressor" and "The Circular Room" were both written by an alumnus we refrain from offering any criticism.

"Jack and the Bean Stalk" and "The Other Three Wise Men" each teaches a beautiful lesson in an interesting way. When we read the first part of "Virginia" we thought the writer showed a tendency to be too vainglorious, but he soon got over this, and the article is one of true worth. We do not approve of the hero of "The Heart Does Not Forget." It was alright for him to make love to the black-eyed maid, but very inconsiderate to keep her up all night making love to her. The editorials in this issue are the best we have read this month, particularly the one entitled "Commonly Boot-Licking." We agree fully with the editor in his view concerning "The Thaw Case." It is one of the most disgusting and disgraceful proceedings ever gone through with in a courtroom, and Thaw should long ago have "hanged by the neck until dead."

The February *Chisel* is a great improvement over the December issue, but there is still abundant room of greater improvement, especially as the magazine is a quarterly. We find enough de-



partments, and the table of contents is full, but the majority of the articles are not deserving of favorable comment. All the facts enumerated in "The Jamestown Ter-Centennial" were known to every man, woman, and child in the State of Virginia months and months before the *Chisel* ever went to the press. In "General Lee" there is a pleasing mixture of hope, love, pride, faithfulness, bravery and misunderstanding—that's all. The first two stanzas of "Home Sweet Home" are good poetry but the last ———. By far the best article in the magazine is "Elizabethan Literature." The qualities of a poem embodied in "Senior Hall as Regarded by the 'Rats'" are equal to zero, but it is a good answer to "Senior Hall" as regarded by the Seniors.

The love-making described in "The Story of a Fraternity Pin" is rather tame to say the least—in fact it reads as if it might have been done by machinery. The writer of "The Moral Aspects of Suicide" preached a very nice little sermon. Some of the facts given under "The College and College People" happened four months before the *Chisel* was printed. The department labeled "Jokes" is a strong proof that patent medicines are not the only things the true nature of whose contents can not be judged from their labels. A list of the editors of a college publication is not an editorial, and besides this list was published on another page of the same issue. The exchange department could be greatly improved.

If the *Guidon* was published by students at a school for men we would say exactly what we think of it, and that would not occupy us for a very long time. It is published quarterly, but is not as good as a monthly from the Normal should be. "The Origin of Woman" is amusing, but shows not much original work. "A War Song" is given a whole page in the literary department when it should occupy just about two-and-one-half inches under "What Fools These Mortals Be." When we first read the three stories, "Scott's Slide," "The Way of the Transgressor is Hard," and "A Mistake," we could not force ourselves to believe that they had been written by girls old enough to be away from home at school, but we have since learned that there is a course for "Kindergartners" offered at the Normal, and concluded at once that these three stories were written for use in that course. But for whatever



reason they were ever written, they are not worth the paper upon which they are printed. Were we asked what we consider the best thing in this magazine we would unhesitatingly give the decision to the advertisements.

Just one-half of the *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* is taken up with matter pertaining directly to the college and its alumni. Be loyal, fellows, and stand up for your colors, but why not get out a special college number of your magazine? There are eleven articles in this issue, eight of the essay type, two short poems of no special merit, and one very short story of the bloody type for which this magazine is noted, and which, as we have said several times before, has no place in a college magazine. We find a department headed "Editorials," but fail to see how any of the qualities of an editorial can possibly be ascribed to the articles published therein. The best move in this magazine is in the exchange department.

The Lee Memorial Number of the *Southern Collegian* is a magazine which every Southerner, and especially every Virginian, should be proud to possess. But the fact that this issue is so good reflects no credit upon the student body which the magazine represents. With the exception of "Lee Centennial at Washington and Lee," "Editorials," and "Exchanges," all three of which were writtten by the editor-in-chief, the magazine is the work of others than students. The editorial department should have been headed "Locals," as there is not an editorial in it. The exchanges are short and very unsatisfactory.





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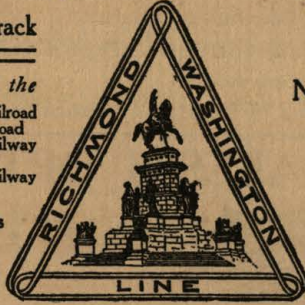
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